

ANN ARBOR ARGUS

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May 24 - June 9, 1969

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photo by Sergio

Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, where Berkeley pigs fortify the streets after pillaging People's Park and shooting over 100 people.

The Great Berkeley Pig Riot

[Editor's Note: Let no one forget that the demon responsible for the Berkeley pig riot, which to date has resulted in the death of at least one student, is U-C Chancellor Roger Heyns, the same dude who used to call himself Vice-President for Academic Affairs at the University of Michigan. Nuthun academic about the shit he's pulling now. At the West Park Concert on Sunday, May 25, a collection was taken up for the murdered student James Rector, which will be sent to Berkeley.]

by Art Johnston
Special to the Argus.

"This land is your land."—Guthrie

BERKELEY—Monday afternoon. The sun filters through a pale gas haze here, as the ragged street urchins founder through the avenues like the lost tribe of Israel. As we write, the police and the army skirmish with our brothers in the streets. At this moment the radio commentator announces: "The fighting is not confined to the campus anymore. Things are exploding all over the city! Be warned!"

We spent yesterday afternoon engaged in mock battles with the police and the national guard over street corners and city blocks. Invariably, the police win, pushing the people up to another street.

"The crowd has moved up to the hills!" a citizen with bandages swathed around his head informs me and Yippie leader Stew Albert early in the afternoon. "That's good," says Stew as we follow a caravan of guard transports up Euclid. "Take the fight up to the bourgeoisie." In the hills above Berkeley live the professors, the professionals—the liberals who draw their shutters tight at the first sign of trouble in the streets below. There are many public parks in the hills. But in the flatlands one has to walk 23 blocks from Telegraph Avenue to find a city park. Stew confides that the next week may see dynamite. "Too many people are talking about it and too seriously," he says.

See page 8

More Panther Shit !

by Mark Kramer

NEW YORK [LNS]—The date for the trial of 21 members of the Black Panther Party accused of conspiring to bomb New York City department stores [and the Botanical Gardens for good measure], has been set for June 10. The 21 were arrested April 2 in a series of pre-dawn raids by shotgun toting cops.

The early trial date strongly favors the prosecution. They have had months to build their "plot" story, and then to stage the arrests. The defense must respond to a complex multiple-count indictment, must prepare to answer accusations against many defendant over a long period of time, for the harsh crime of conspiracy.

It is irregular for a felony case to come to trial so quickly. A survey of time-before-trial for current first degree murder charges, shows an average time before trial as 8 months, with delays of up to a year common. Yet the Panther trial has been called to trial in a little more than two months. Gerald Lefcourt, one of the team of defense attorneys, explained, "They want to get as much from it as they can. An early conviction would help suppress street actions over the summer."

The cards have been stacked against the 21 since their first arrest on fantastic conspiracy charges. First, their bail was set at an impossible \$100,000 each. Next, the District Attorney of New York appeared on TV the same morning, implying that quick police action saved hundreds of Easter shoppers from certain death. Then the press reports "leaks from high police sources": The Daily News front page reads "Cops Say Cuba Aids Panthers." The substance of that one is that some Panthers visited the Cuban mission to the UN.

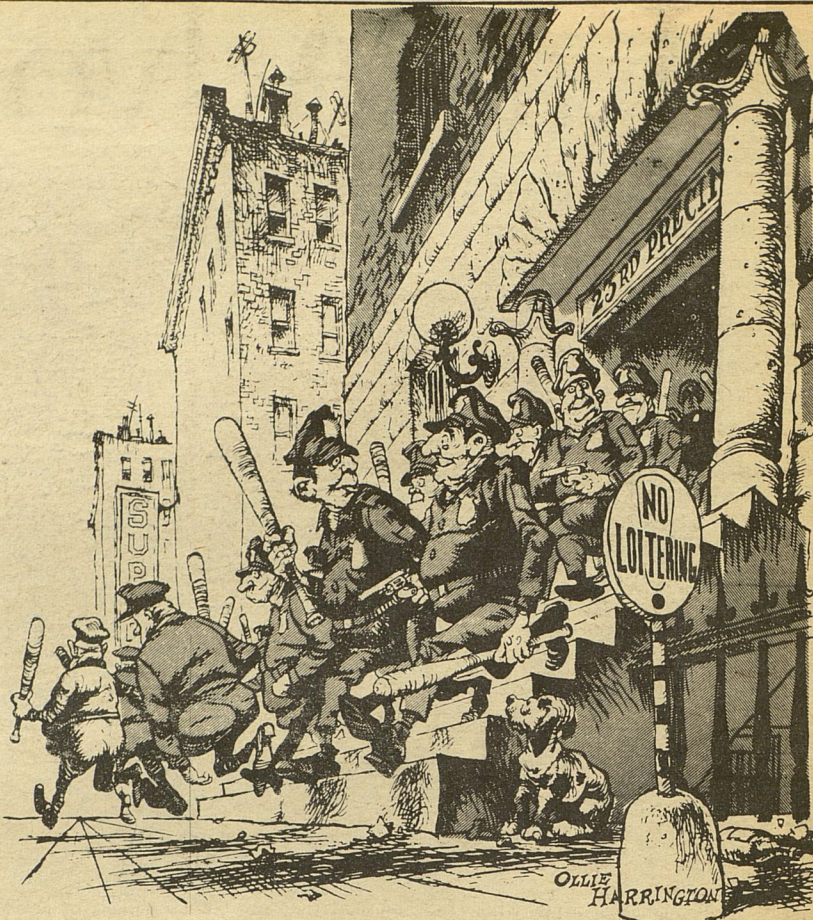
The New York Post soon reported to its liberal readership, "Seek Panther Link to Stolen Youth Funds." The link? One of the 21 listed an address in the same building as someone suspected of

such theft.

Not only has a racist anti-Panther fear campaign been waged by the DA, the cops and the media, but the court has also done its share of harassment as well. First, bail was set at an impossible-to-raise \$100,000 each for the 21, by the same "impartial" judge who signed arrest warrants for them in the middle of the night. The bail reduction hearings were brought before the very same judge. In New York County, the DA's office has the right to choose the trial judge, and they didn't waste any time choosing hanging Judge Charles Marks. Marks and no sooner taken the job, than the defense lawyers were threatened with contempt of court charges for suggesting that the trials were political in nature.

The courts have allowed the DA to scatter the 21 in seven different jails throughout the city, making it hard for their attorneys to see any of them, much less to plan conspiracy defense with all together. Habeas Corpus motions to bring them together and reduce bail have been denied. In fact, at the hearing on the Habeas Corpus motion, Asst. DA Joe Phillips, who is known as a right-winger even inside his own office, produced a supposed bomb—actually a piece of pipe—and said it came from the apartment of one of the 21, and was just like the one which blew up a Chicago department store. Three days later, when a white marine confessed the Chicago bombing, the writ had already been denied.

The treatment of the Panthers is a blatant example of the courts as instruments of repression, designed to keep down any threat to those currently in power. The defense lawyers are working day and night to present a good case despite the conditions under which they are forced to work, and the threats to their own freedom. Assistance can be sent to the Panther Defense Fund, Box 1224, Brooklyn, New York 11202.



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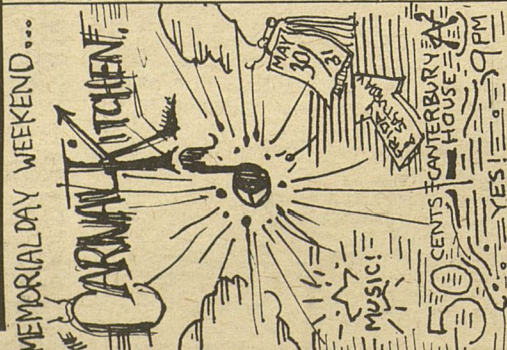
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EDITORS NOTES

The Kiwanis Club of Ann Arbor is embarking upon another noble effort to rid this community of the smut, filth and perversion [pick one] which flourishes in this town, namely, us. They have circulated petitions calling for the "removal" of literature using "four-letter" words [c-l-u-b?] from dissemination in the school in the greater Ann Arbor environs. Shit! Why the fuck those cunts picked on us I dunno, but it doesn't really bother the hell out of me or neither does it particularly piss me off.

More on the Belleville student kicked out of school for having an Argus in his possession. In the last episode he was ordered back in school by Detroit Federal District Court, pending a hearing by the Belleville Board of Education. Well, the Board of Education was unanimous, 7-0, in ordering that he be expelled. The court has kept him in school, meanwhile, until it can now decide the actual issue at hand—namely the Constitution. A decision is expected early this week, and attorney Lawrence Sperling, who's donating his services, says of course he'll appeal if the ruling is not what it should be. Hopefully the ultimate decision will serve as a lesson to all those who try to fill the minds of students with 20th century American obscenity, while denying them the right to truth.



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May Advocacy

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y Gardner, Bob
Forest Fr. Larry
Brother K. Ba
Rev. Jon Hig
Don Cotton,
Harney, Fr. Al
ke, Fred Ollie,
m. Fr. Anthony
Fr. Robert Cun
Marvy.



Stockholder

the Argus
WAUKEE. Three days before their scheduled state trial for taking about 10,000 draft files in a small park last September 24, the "Milwaukee Fourteen" discharged their lawyers and decided to defend themselves. Their decision came when they learned that the state was to hear their case was "influenced by outside pressures" with crucial decisions affecting their case.

Their decision to use "lay advocacy" that is, proceed without the attorneys standing between them and the story they want to tell the jury, their former attorneys and themselves, the twelve felt that in the fact that legal maneuvering would only obscure their message, they decided to confront the jury directly. This became even more necessary outside influence on the judge became known.

Monday, May 12, the court pre-
scene. At one table sat the
ry from the district attorneys
the other twelve citizens, including
Unbound by the pomp and cir-
that bind lawyers in the court-
selection process began. Now
day, all twelve have been pre-
prospectively jurors the issues to
in this case. Is the Vietnam war
is were jurors in the trial of men
destroying a shipload of tea in
cause they opposed the tax laws
you convict them? Could
povicted Jesus Christ of civil diso-

trial started under strange circum-
cloth the defense and the district
reed that the judge could not re-
trial now because of the exten-
press coverage directed at it.
But the judge, a small town
ge, told by some powerful figure
id, refused to delay the trial.
point is that the twelve face a
d on charges rising out of the
action of draft records on June 9,
ate of Wisconsin had to extract its
flesh." And so these men face
years in prison for ridding the



world of some of the most odious pieces
of paper in existence—Selective Service files.
"Some property," say the twelve, "has no
right to exist. We burn paper to prevent the
burning of people in Vietnam. When the
only way you can prevent a murder is to de-
stroy the weapon, a man has an absolute hu-
man obligation to destroy it. Those files are
a weapon to kill innocent human beings."
The twelve contain very different
kinds of men. Some are quiet, soft spoken
gentle. Some are fiery and angry. James
Harney, a priest from Boston, stands when
he desires to speak, and turns to the packed
courtroom. He ignores the judge as if he

wasn't there. Jim Forest, and author and
artist, carefully and persuasively explains to
the jurors the bigger issues at stake. "If a
man broke into someone else's house, would
you convict him?" Yes, they all reply. "If a
man broke into someone else's house because
he saw a murder taking place through the
window, in an attempt, however vain, to stop
the murder, would you convict him?" No,
some reply.

Whenever the judge stops them from
asking a question, they demand to know
why. "Why can't the jury answer that?"
they demand. And the judge fumbling, de-
clares that the law doesn't permit it. "Can
the law be wrong?" comes the next question.

After two days of selecting jurors, the
trial began. After a feeble opening statement
by Deputy District Attorney Alan Sampson
[dia], with intent, unlawfully enter the
offices of the Selective... blah blah!], six of
the twelve defendants presented their open-
ing statements. The other six will give their
opening statements before the defense pre-
sents its case. All six admitted their sets to
the jury. They attacked the "very narrow
concept of law" which the prosecution
swooned, and urged the jury to follow their
conscience in light of "other laws that are
more relevant," including treaties, the Uni-
ted Nations Charter, and Nuremberg. Fa-
ther Robert Cunnane asked the jury, "Why
hasn't the Navy chosen to prosecute Com-
mander Bucher even though it is clear under
naval law that he is guilty of serious crimes?"
He answered his question, "Because the con-
science of America would refuse to allow
that man to suffer for the crimes of powers
greater than he." He urged that the "14"
likewise should be acquitted, because the
conscience of the community demanded it.

"Our action in burning the I-A draft
records was an action of saving lives," said
James Forest. "We burn worthless paper,
out government burns priceless human be-
ings." See page 13

by Tom Anderson

*And then the vision said, "Take your wings and go." And when we awoke we had
no wings, but we went anyway.*

—Robert Lytle

The president of Dow Chemical Company, H.D. Doan said, about a year
ago, "Our position is that we are a supplier of goods to the Defense Depart-
ment, and not a policy maker. We do not and should not try to decide mili-
tary policy or strategy. We must supply our government and our military
with those goods they feel they need whenever we have the technology and
capability."

But things change, and so do people's attitudes. This year, when confronted
again with a few handfuls of gentle Christians asking that "The Dow
Chemical Company and other leaders of our economy show moral leadership."
It is not enough to produce anything anyone requests." Dow's board
chairman Carl Gerstacker decided to make a commitment: "Don't accuse
us of not making a moral decision. We have, but you don't like it. I think
you are absolutely wrong. Of course napalm hurts people, that's why its
produced." The audience of Stockholders at Dow's Annual Meeting, May 7,
1969, in Midland, Michigan, applauded heavily. Dow had become contem-
porary, forging commitment out of honest dialogue; and in the continuing
dialogue between Clergy and Layman Concerned about Vietnam and the
Dow Chemical Company, Dow's counterthrusts reveal a good bit more social
truth than CALCA's innocently humble overtures.

The truth is that napalm is an excellent weapon against rural-based guerrilla revolution:
the primary counter-revolutionary weapons are anti-personal (which is why the bombing
of supply routes in the North never had its intended effect on the struggle in the South)
and the primary counter-revolutionary strategy is one of creating a rural hell-on-earth, for-
cing the revolutionary base into the cities where they can be cooped up and controlled in
refuge camps, while their brothers and sisters who stay, starve, die or live in terror. Of
course, in order to win, the strategy would have to be applied totally—which is why the
United States cannot win.

But as long as they stay, they will have to use anti-personal weapons on the rural
population. By this time, Dow has correctly realized that the use of napalm in Vietnam
can't really an issue over whether or not they and their kind will continue to be allowed
to hold banquets any more at all. They've heard from the Pentagon that the peasants are
trying to take over and mess everything up for present and potential righteous American
investment in that corner of the world, and, well, that's the sort of thing Dow under-
stands, having done a good bit of investing in South America lately and having noticed
some real problems, cared for the time being by letting a good part of its work force go, in

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Che! Stolen from Grav

By Jeffery Shero

"In culture, capitalism has given all that it had to give and all that remains of it is the foretaste of a bad smelling corpse. . . ."

—Che Guevara
Man and Socialism in Cuba

Twentieth Century Fox's sense of the box office hasn't diminished. Last year they produced such money-makers as "Valley of the Dolls," "Boston Strangler," and "Planet of the Apes." Now with American society rotting around it, Fox, seated in two capitals of decay—New York and Hollywood—understands that revolution contains a bit of spicy glamour. It's obvious. Kids used to dream of being baseball stars or FBI agents; now they grow their hair long and want to be rock stars or revolutionaries. This new trend doesn't worry corporate film-makers. As long as the subject can be glamorized, the reality transformed into "Hollywood," film producers are happy.

Darryl F. Zanuck, president of Fox, believes he hit on a new theme. Besides the soon to be released movie on the life of Che, work is underway on an adventure film called "The Chairman" which involves an American scientist, Gregory Peck, entering China, debating Chairman Mao and escaping with a food production secret; and "The Confessions of Nat Turner," a white view which explains the leader of the slave revolt in terms of his own sexual repression. The scheduled film on Che, though, is a perfect example of the vulgarization of revolutionary values.

"Che!" begins in rapid fire. Scenes of youth rebellion are interspersed with shots of Che's body, intercut with the picture credits. The style is documentary. The script reads:

FADE IN

INT. SCHOOLROOM—HIGÜERAS—HIGH ANGLE SHOT—DAY

The room is no more than a hut, devoid of furniture except for a rude table. Che Guevara's bullet-ridden body lies on the table. The room is dark, but a beam of light from one small window falls on Che's face. As camera moves in slowly on that face, we hear softly:

CHE'S VOICE

Wherever death may surprise us, it will be welcome, provided that this, our battle cry, reach some receptive ear. . . .

EXT. A SQUARE—WEST BERLIN—LONG SHOT—DAY (STOCK) CUT TO:

A student orator is exhorting massed student demonstrators. We are engulfed in a wave of sound as the young rebels roar:

HEAD CLOSEUP—CHE

Pale, serene in death. The tumult fades.

CHE'S VOICE

. . . that another hand stretch out to take up weapons and that other men come forward to intone our funeral dirge with the staccato of machine guns. The main title appears.

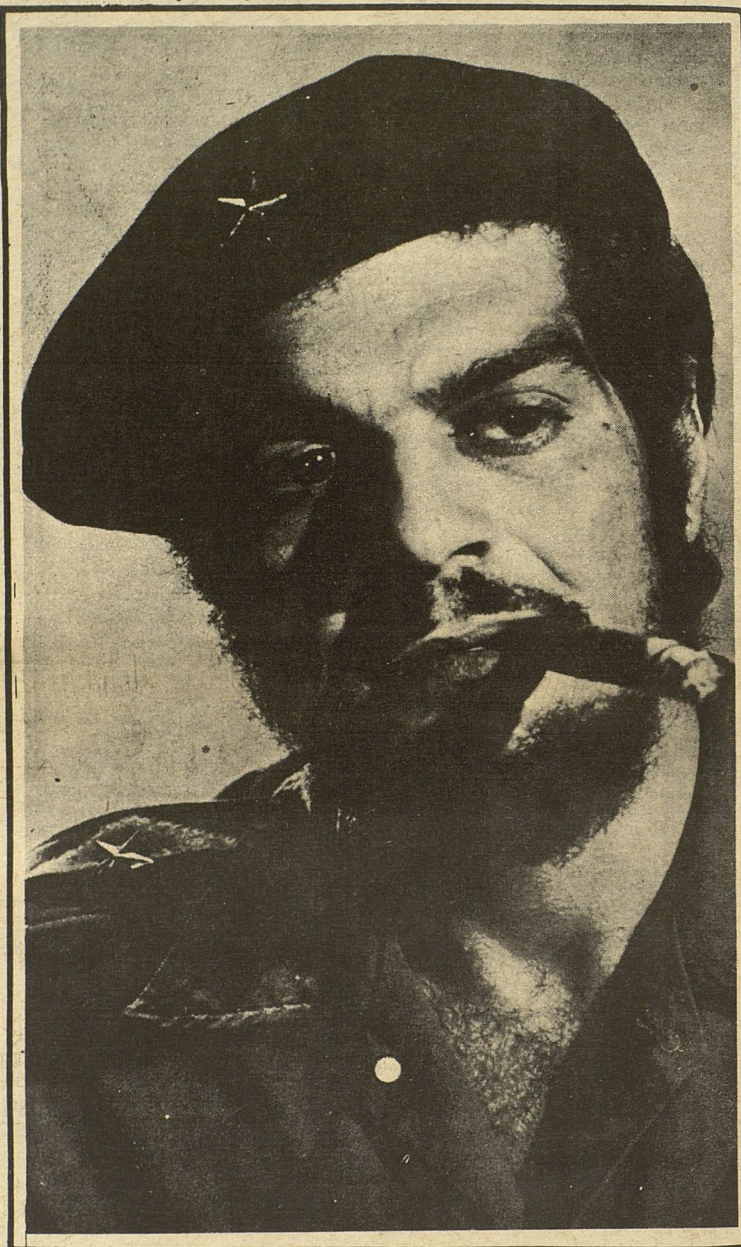
EXT. A BARRICADED STREET—THE SORBONNE—DAY (STOCK)

Another tumult. French students at their barricades pelt a phalanx of police with stones and bottles. A second title appears.

As successive titles appear, closeups of the dead Che are intercut with shots of rebellious youth throughout the world. (Wherever possible, these scenes should be drawn from stock footage.) We see:

A. DISSIDENT STUDENTS AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY in

The script of the movie Che! was held under the tightest security by 20th Century Fox. Only 200 copies were printed, each numbered and assigned to a particular person in the production. Fox Chairman Darryl Zanuck has even ordered that no pre-showings of the film be given prior to its May 29 premiere. But RAT, newspaper of the streets in New York's Lower East Side, had a copy sent to it by a disgusted Fox official. Excerpts, along with RAT editor Jeff Shero's analysis, is printed in Argus so the potential audience can have a taste of Fox's "objectivity."



possession of an administration building.

B. A YOUNG MAN AND HIS GIRL on a motor scooter in some European city. Painted on his crash helmet are the words: CHE

C. A KNOT OF STUDENTS in the "free speech" area of the Berkeley campus, applauding a young speaker.

D. A FORMATION OF RED GUARDS IN PEKING All the youths hold little red books, and they chant in unison a

slogan of Chairman Mao.

A TATTERED AND PEELING WALL POSTER with Che's tattered portrait on it. A girl cyclist pauses to gaze at the poster.

F.—OUT

G. As the LAST TITLE FADES:

CLOSE ON AN AMERICAN GIRL—DAY She is standing in the portals of some campus building, it doesn't matter where. There are books under her arm and on her breast a large button with the words: MAKE LOVE NOT WAR. She is lovely and her eyes brim with tears as she faces the camera, addressing an unseen listener.

THE GIRL

I can't believe it. Che isn't really dead. . . is he?

Even as the film begins the political conditions which moved Che, the doctor, to become Che, the revolutionary thinker and guerrilla leader, are ignored. Instead of portraying a man with the highest sense of morality who could not ignore the need of the impoverished, Che is transformed into an adventurer—the

existential man who must have excitement of battle to test himself. The movie begins quoting Che: "Where death may surprise us. . ." but cuts out the beginning of the quote, which would prove to be too unsettling for American audiences. The first line written was: "Our every action is a cry against imperialism and a call for the peoples' unity against the great evil of mankind, the United States of America. Wherever death may surprise us. . ."

Accuracy in the case of Che would be to film an indictment of the role of the United States; instead, it embraces "objectivity." "Objectivity," according to Fox public relations, "embraces neither left or right but gives an 'unbiased, impartial' view of the dramatic highlights of Che's life as a 'martyred revolutionist.'" To Fox, Che means battle scenes and attention to detail. Omar Sharif plays Che, wears Che's clothes, smokes Che's pipe, places the star on his beret exactly like Che, etc. (Close attention to Fox's detail shows, however, that Sharif is wearing U.S. Army-issue bulletproof vest. Similarly the battle scenes are not with a surprising degree of attention to detail. But an "objective film" cannot with detail isn't necessarily a true film. Truth is found in motives and values, the obscure reasons for actions, not in recounting the superficial actions themselves.

For his portrayal of Che, Omar Sharif read voluminously, and gave credit for pricking his social conscience. "I read newspapers now," he said in an interview. Sharif offers this insight into Che, "I think I know more about Che than anyone. He is basically a man who wanted to put his life in danger, almost like Lawrence of Arabia. He was a cerebral person living out of his brain. It is difficult for an actor to be a man without emotions on the screen." Contrast this to the real Che. Che wrote, "Let me say, at the time of my appearing ridiculous, that the revolutionary is guided by feelings of love. It is impossible to have of an authentic revolutionary without this quality."

Che believed that man must have beliefs. He left the revolution in Cuba to begin anew in Bolivia with the hope of spreading the movement from a mountain base to nearby Argentina, Paraguay, Peru and Chile. Even though he wasn't killed, the choice of another guerrilla front in the end meant leaving the relative comfort of the Cuban Economic Ministry and the bodily torture that is part of the life of a guerrilla. Without self-doubt, the asthmatic Che wrote in his Bolivian diary for August 1967: "It was, without any doubt, the month we have had since the revolution started. The loss of all caves and the documents and the medicine, the hard blow, above all psychological. The loss of two men at the end of the month and the subsequent march through horsemeat demoralized the men. It provoked the first case of giving up, Camba, which would be advantageous under different circumstances, but under these. The lack of contact with the outside, with Joaquin, and the fact that the prisoners taken from him, when talked, also demoralized the troops a little. My illness caused uncertainty in several others and all this was reflected in our first encounter, in which I should have caused several losses but wounded only one. On the other hand, the difficult march through mountains without water brought about some of the negative aspects of the men."

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[Editor's Note: The following was slipped under the Argus door about a week ago by an anonymous person wishing to portray. The Argus would welcome anyone wishing to submit other things.]

by A. Dealer

I heard my first siren of the day. It seems that yesterday Ann Arbor was filled with sirens, there must have been four or five ambulances in the street below and perhaps one or two cop cars. I looked hungrily first at the flashing lights and then into the ambulance to see whether anyone was really on the stretcher—as always an intern clutches a bottle and some tubing—there were silhouettes but never any victim; one can never spy the dying or the hurt; one can hardly imagine who could be lying there.

The siren is always grotesque and alien; I always think first that something special is happening, that the sirens are saying something different. Usually I can hold off, I won't at first jump toward the window and so admit that someone lying prone and bleeding or perhaps dying running through the streets with sirens and lights flashing red and blue can so fascinate me. Yesterday was a beautiful day, one of the first days really believing it is summer with sirens. Today it is muddy and grey and shitty with only one siren so far. My stomach is fucking up, I tried to eat egg salad but my body can only take cigarettes and coffee. My stomach and back aches I can blame on a bitchey mother, but it was alright until John said Fortas was gone and they were trying to purge Douglas also. They were liberal son of a bitches but its getting too close—something enjoys eating liberals and little boys with curly hair.

Some weeks ago I wanted to write about what drugs mean to the movement, to the individual identity, what the economics look like, what drugs mean to me the pusher. Now I'm not sure what to mean means.

I think that I wanted to write in part to patch up a somewhat shredded identity. Now I don't know that it matters. I'd like to say what one month stoned feels like to me at a time in the life of a world that seemed to be vomiting. Not unpleasantly—it has not been unpleasant with warm days and girls with flowers in miniskirts.

That was my third shit today—the first two were more solid—that one came out like thin cement. The grafitti said "Louie Motherball sells dope." There was a pair of legs with the cunt blood drawn in red ink. I didn't want to see the cat in the next stall so I washed and left quickly.

I will try to say the easy stuff. First the pure economics of drugs as I know it. The drug market is a capitalist construct, very easy to psyche-out in itself. What's interesting is the rights of any participant in a sale—unfortunately there is no union for the buyer. You can only be pissed off mildly at a short lid or key for a long price. If the cat is human or feels guilty you can play on that, you can explain your situation maybe, how poor you are, but there's very little you can do except shorten your lids and/or raise the price and not feel too shitty yourself.

If the next day there is a hundred pounds in at half the price you swear and count your bread. Today is a day to watch people watch other people. If you're just going to use dope you can reject the buy but if you think that you might turn out enough bread for a week or two plus some smoking dope for you and your friends then a high price means it'll be a little more dangerous, you'll have to hold it a little longer, you'll feel a little shittier at the price you sell it, at what the grass looks like in a baggie. The seller has you by the balls but you eat the shit and walk on. I'm a floater—I don't quite have the guts to be a hustler in the Malcolm X sense—I deal with friends mostly; that's the only way to play it safe, and you like to give them a good deal, even if its only vague friends. A job makes little sense because you're always ready to split the scene for something which you would have called destiny when you were young.

The grass is wet, but I'll sit here anyway. A friend has come by, tells me he is working in a factory. I feel like jumping up and getting a job there, piling up bread legally and forgetting something for a while. Learning what the proles live like, for the revolution or something. Instead I ask him if he knows anyone who wants to buy an ounce of hash.

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MASS FOR HITLER'S SOUL

MADRID [LNS]—About 200 Nazi sympathizers wearing swastika armbands and Falangist uniforms, attended a Mass for the soul of Adolf Hitler at the Church of San Martin in Madrid, according to the London Times. The occasion was the twenty-fourth anniversary of Hitler's death on May 7. Among the crowd were former members of the Spanish Blue Division which fought with Germany against the Soviet Union in WWII.

After chanting the Mass, the crowd sang the Falangist anthem with their hands raised in the Fascist salute and shouted "Heil Hitler!"

Police were present but did not intervene.

MUST WE PAY TO PISS?

CHICAGO [LNS-FRED]—A bill in the Illinois legislature to ban pay-toilets is facing opposition from the manufacturer of locks for rest-room doors.

Frank Rouse, president of the American Con Lock Co. in Pawtucket, R.I., calls the bill "un-American and un-constitutional." James McNutt, president of Nik-O-Lok Co. of Indianapolis said that "Any hippie who wants to will be able to take a free shower in your rest room."

But the man who introduced the bill, Edward Wolbank of Chicago, is sticking to his guns. He says that "When Mother Nature calls, we must respond and should not have to pay for the privilege." Apparently, other states are already considering similar action against pay toilets.

BACK FROM THE WAR?

by Lynn Franklin

NEW ORLEANS, La. [LNS]—When Johnny comes marching home from Vietnam it may only be months before he's marched right back again—and that's one reason for the mixture of anguish and joy in the faces of his anxious loved ones.

Another reason may be the particular exuberance of self-appointed reception committees on hand to greet him.

When Military Construction Battalions [MCB] disembark in Gulfport, Miss., after ten-month tours of duty in Vietnam, they are greeted not by "Anchors Aweigh," sometimes Navy protocol for such occasions, but by "Dixie," that good old Southern rouser.

Some black sailors step off the Air Force c-141 which lifted them out of battle-infested Danang only 22 hours ago, to the tune of "Dixie," a song they have learned to hate.

Heavy Equipment Operator 2nd Class Robert L. Davis, a 22-year-old black man, who was guidon bearer for A Company, MCB 128, stepped carefully aside a red carpet unrolled in front of the gangway by Gulfport's Citizens Reception Committee, gingerly avoided hearty backslaps and rousing handshakes, curtly nodded to such remarks as "Glad see ya, boy!" and "Mighty fine!" and "There ain't gonna be no draft card burners here, I guarantee ya!"

As the long line of Seabees in khaki green twill telescoped together, Davis shuffled forward toward customs.

Gulfport matrons serving doughnuts and coffee to the returning youngsters—the average age is close to 20—squealed delightedly when their band struck up "Dixie." They sat down their trays to ding and dance, clap and cheer. However, when the band failed to repeat the refrain, the ladies' "Look Awayyyy's" were left floating in silence.

Said Davis, waiting for his first US furlough in ten months, "I guess I'd forgotten what it's like over here. . . Maybe I'm not so glad to be back."

MCB units arrive at Gulfport approximately every three weeks. They train for six months, and then return for another ten-month tour in Vietnam.

CANADIANS DEFEND DRAFT RESISTERS

KAMLOOPS, B.C. [LNS]—Reports that the Canadian Mounties are cooperating with the FBI to "expose" organizations in Canada that aid draft resisters brought angry denials from many quarters in Canada.

"Such a move will meet a harsh reaction by Canadians everywhere," said the secretary of the Kamloops Labor Council.

"They can expose if they want, but it will have no influence on our office," remarked an Immigration officer.

A united Church minister said, "The draft dodgers or any other immigrants are welcome in Canada."

"In many respects I sympathize with the young men who do not want to fight in a war they do not believe in," declared the president of the Kamloops Chamber of Commerce.

The local mounties denied that an investigation was being carried out. Selective Service official Frank Kossa, assistant to Gen. Hershey, claimed that the mounties had agreed to work with the FBI to "overcome the efforts of these people in both countries to influence these misguided youths."

But the mayor of Kamloops [pop. 11,000] along with millions of Canadians and Americans, has another image of the young anti-war activists. He stated: "They [American draft resisters] should be commended for the courage of their convictions."



DRAFT OR MUZZLE?

CONCORD, N.H. [LNS]—Students carrying signs in front of the State Capitol building here on April 24 in support of a graduated income tax for New Hampshire were threatened with reprisals from the draft board when Rep. Charles H. Gay of Derry left the chamber and came outside to accost them.

"When a bunch of goons and God damn draft dodgers come out here and parade around, we'll never pass that bill," he said.

"I'm on the draft board and I can get every one of you God damn goons. None of you are any good; never were and never will be."

"If any of you want to go to Ft. Dix I can get you a free haircut."

The New Hampshire Affiliate of the ACLU held a special session of the executive committee to review the facts and voted unanimously to call for Rep. Gay's dismissal from his draft board. The demand has been made to the head of the State Selective Service System.

A BASH IN THE COUNTRY

by Jackie Di Salvo

MADISON, Wisc. [LNS]—Students in Madison, Wisconsin abandoned the street they battled the cops over for three days and spent Saturday, May 10, instead at a bash in the country with the firemen. The firemen and students have had good relations since the SDS Labor Committee supported their strike this year at a point when the cops were ready to break it. The firemen served the students two roast PIGS!

Meanwhile back on Mifflin St., landlords getting nervous about public exposure being given their high rent slum dwellings offered the residents \$1.60 an hour to fix up their apartments. Newly labor-conscious students issued a leaflet "We shall not scab," informing the landlords and local construction unions of their intent to see the work done with union labor at union rates.

Students are now eagerly awaiting the crew of carpenters and painters with whom they can discuss why there's a Huey poster on the corroding kitchen wall, and why Madison needs rent control, and who's polluting the lakes, and why there's an anti-war poster on the front door, and why the cops busted it down.

KILLING COMPETITION

DNU TIENS, Vietnam [LNS]—In a desperate move to save the dying morale of American troops in Vietnam, the Army has instigated a new type of incentive—a "game" where you get points by killing "enemy" soldiers and lose points when you or a member of your platoon is killed.

The program was started by Lt. Colonel James T. Bradley, who said he thought it would prevent needless casualties among men who "just weren't being alert."

Under the competition, points were awarded to platoons for enemy troops killed, weapons captured and rice caches discovered. Points were deducted from platoons suffering battle casualties.

The winning rifle platoon gets three duty-free days in a rest center, and the winning weapons platoon two days.

It appears that the Army's idea has backfired; most of the men are insulted by the new game. The Associated Press quoted a letter home from an infantryman in which he said, "This contest has shown us what pawns we are. I wouldn't like to think that because one of my buddies gets killed, it only means we lost points."

In fact, there has been so much objection that Bradley has decided to drop the deduction of points for points for Americans killed. However, the game goes on.

DIRTY IN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS]—The Republican majority of the Assembly Criminal Procedure Committee has just sent Ronald Reagan's anti-smut legislation to the floor of the Assembly. The bill, already passed by the Senate, sets up special criteria for judging obscenity as it applies to those under 18.

The new definition of "harmful matter" is "Matter which to the average person, applying contemporary standards, the predominant appeal taken as a whole is to the prurient interest, i.e., a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion and goes beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters; and is utterly without redeeming social importance for minors."

This legislation is part of a current conservative drive to protect the moral fiber of California's youth. The State Board of Education has adopted a morality code, to be taught in the schools, which places heavy emphasis on the Bible and "desanctifies" the theory of evolution.

Last month, the Berkeley Barb was busted for an "obscene photograph" of the MC5 rock-band. The new anti-smut legislation will make it much easier for the establishment to bust the underground press, which is mostly concerned with and sold to "minors". Maximum punishment would be up to a year in jail and a \$2000 fine.



LETTERS FROM FORT DIX

WRIGHTSTOWN, N.J. [LNS]—"If somebody could get in there on a normal day, without the Army knowing about it, they would really see some things happening."

That was the reaction of a private at Fort Dix to the recent press tour of the Fort's stockade. The private, who was recently released after having spent two months behind the barbed wire fence of the stockade, said:

"The prisoners were unable to speak to any of the reporters. We were told to get into our cell blocks and to stay away from the windows. We wanted to really let people know how we felt in here."

"Like we had steak on this one day, and we never had steak before, and I was in there for two months. . .

"Afterwards, in the library, they would make sure that all the articles in the newspaper about the open house were cut out."

"The stockade is way overcrowded; the day before the open house they let out 100 guys, getting prepared for the reporters to come."

SCOTS PROTEST AMERICAN PLAN TO MUTILATE MONSTER

SCOTLAND [LNS]—The head of a clan in the Scottish Highlands yesterday protested against a plan to hunt down the Loch Ness monster in a yellow submarine and pluck out a piece of its hide.

"I'm all for observing the monster, but I'm against molesting it," said Lord Lovat. "I think it's just damnable to bully the creature."

With another monster-spotting season opening Saturday, a group of Americans are readying a little yellow submarine to locate the hideout where the legendary Nessie lives. University of Chicago scientists want a small piece of the monster, a core about the size of a cigarette, to make a scientific study.

I shou

"I should hate to think of Nessie being captured and perhaps taken to some zoo or to America like the liner Queen Mary," Lord Lovat said, "It should be made a punishable offense to do that."

SELECTIVE LAW ENFORCEMENT HAMPERS BOSTON SCENE

BOSTON [LNS]—One of the consequences of the strike at Harvard was the birth of a community which enjoyed being together.

On the pleasant spring Sunday afternoons since the big bust, thousands from Boston have been getting together on the Cambridge Commons, a large grassy area adjacent to Harvard Yard.

Music, political raps, and lots of informal chats have replaced the usual rush to the library.

Now the Cambridge cops are getting uptight. They can't simply bust people for using the parks—that's what the parks are for. But the cops have openly started harassing those attending the weekend be-ins.

On a recent Sunday, they sent out a special detail of 25 pigs, who ticketed 400 cars in the area, and towed 52 others away. Special attention was paid to motorcycles; they lifted registrations on 17 of them.

They were acting under a new regulation made especially to combat the growing hip community scene. Until this spring there were no Sunday parking regulations there; now it's no parking from noon to midnight.

Harvard sources say that the police tactics will only serve to give the group even more of a sense of itself, and will make it certain the be-ins will continue as a regular Sunday event.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND IN THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS]—Thomas D. Morris did a lot for Litton Industries while he was Johnson's assistant secretary of defense for procurement. The huge conglomerate's defense contracts went up 250% from 1967 to 1968. In 1967, Litton Industries had only \$180 million in defense contracts, and ranked 36th among corporate defense contractors. But by 1968, Litton had \$466 million in military contracts, and leapt to 14th place in the war game.

So now Litton Industries has done something for Thomas D. Morris. They've made him a vice-president.

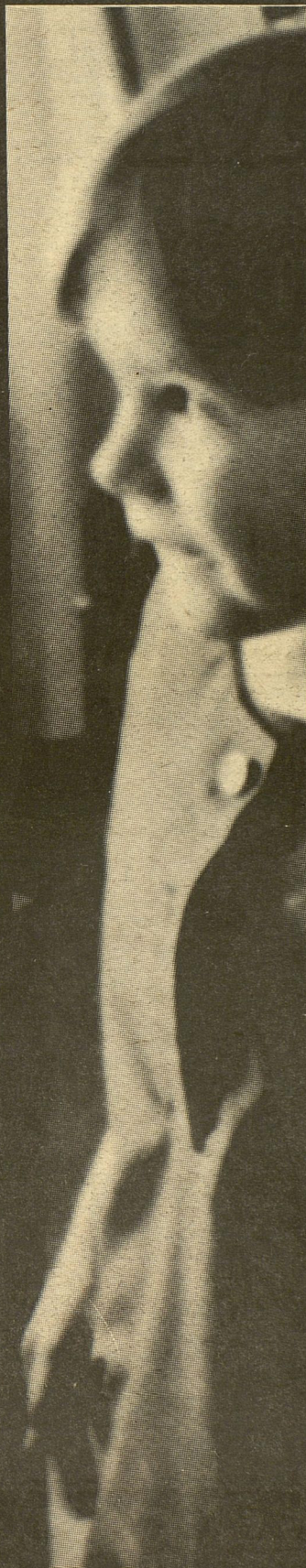
Of course, Thomas D. Morris will be able to continue helping Litton Industries from his new post, just as he did in his government position. Since 90% of government contracts are negotiated, rather than awarded through competitive bidding, having friends who have friends in the Defense Department is a boon to companies seeking a larger share of the loot.

A HOPEFUL CAMOUFLAGE

PHILADELPHIA [LNS]—Richard Sgorbati, 19 appeared before his induction board wearing only shorts, shoes, and an American flag. His body was covered with psychedelic paintings.

"It's simple," he explained. "I just don't want to go into the draft."

Police then arrested him on charges of breach of the peace, disorderly conduct, and desecration of the flag.



ON THE CAMPUSES: A ROUNDUP

NEW YORK [LNS]—One young man was dead in Berkeley, Calif. The town which for half a decade has been synonymous with university rebellion.

Meanwhile, eight leaders of Columbia University's SDS Chapter were on trial in a Manhattan courtroom on charges of contempt of court. The university and the city authorities are trying to send them to jail for 30 days for allegedly occupying university buildings last month.

Near Niagara Falls, Mark Rudd, a leader of the 1968 Columbia rebellion and a New York regional SDS staff member, was arrested by authorities after a visit to Canada. Rudd and Peter Clapp, a member of Columbia SDS, were charged with possession of two ounces of marijuana. They were held on \$2,500 bond each. What began as a customary search became more serious when border agents discovered copies of New Left Notes [the SDS weekly] and Chairman Mao's quotations.

When they discovered they had Mark Rudd on their hands, the guards called Federal investigators who came and "found" the grass in the car. Friends of Rudd in New York familiar with his ideas about drugs and security said it was utterly absurd to think he would be carrying marijuana across the border. They called the arrest "a total plant."

Throughout the country, law enforcement agents, sometimes known as pigs, went into action to carry out President Nixon's command that there be "no compromise with lawlessness."

Some students went behind bars, like 39 participants in a Dartmouth building seizure at Dartmouth to protest ROTC. Others were reaching into their pockets to put up bail or pay fines.

At least a dozen students involved in the April 1968 building occupations at Columbia University copped a plea to duck phoney resisting arrest charges; they were fined \$100 each for criminal trespass.

Grand Juries went into action, too. In Brooklyn, N.Y., serious charges, including arson, were included in sealed indictments handed down against 20 Brooklyn College defendants, all of them Black and Puerto Rican.

The Brooklyn defendants face long jail terms if the District Attorney has his way.

In Memphis, a Grand Jury handed down indictments for trespassing against 109 persons arrested during a sit-in at Memphis State University. Indictments are also expected at Cornell University.

Demonstrations against ROTC and other forms of militarism continued at many campuses including Northeastern [Boston], Arizona State [Tempe], Occidental [Los Angeles], George Washington University [Washington, D.C.], M.I.T., Cornell, Temple [Philadelphia], State University of New York at Stony Brook, and elsewhere.

Black and Puerto Rican students moved ahead on several campuses, North and South, in the growing battle for Third World self-determination within the U.S.

Confrontations with college administrations on one side and Third World radicals on the other, have taken place recently at City College of New York, Queens College, Howard University, Upsala College [N.J.], Alabama State College, Voorhees College [proclaimed "the liberated Malcolm X University"], Highland Park College [Michigan], Paterson State [N.J.], University of North Carolina, Lane College [Jackson, Tenn.], Selma State College [Cleveland, Miss.], Valley State College [Itta Bena, Miss.], Pratt Institute [New York], Bronx Community College [New York], Southern University and Baton Rouge, [New Orleans, La.], Lincoln University [Missouri], Mount San Antonio College [Walnut, Calif.], and elsewhere.

On some campuses, including the University of California at Berkeley and Southern University at Baton Rouge, National Guardsmen and policemen carried rifles and used them against students.

At Southern University in Baton Rouge, a predominately black school, more than 1,000 students joined in a demonstration which was broken up with tear-gas and shotgun fire. More than 30 persons were injured, including eight treated for gun wounds. The students were seeking improvement in the school's curriculum, staff and physical plant in a struggle against racist courses and administrators.

SEARCH AND DESTROY MISSION

MEXICO CITY [LNS]—Over 2000 Mexican troops, aided by air force planes, destroyed 220 million poppy and marijuana plants in eight states during a 10 week anti-narcotics drive, according to the London Times. Planes first spotted the plantations, pinpointed them for the troops, then moved in with flamethrowers.

The casualties, announced by the Mexican Attorney General's office: 8000 grass plantings.

WOMEN DRESS UP TO DRESS DOWN A BEAUTY CONTEST

JACKSON, Miss. [LNS]—The southern belles competing for the honor of representing Mississippi in the Miss Universe contest were confronted by eight women who had dressed up in costume instead of stripping down in bikinis to please the males.

They paraded in front of the downtown hotel where the beauty contest was being judged. They were dressed as: a bride in chains, labeled "SOLD"; a white-uniformed worker—"Join the Service of your choice"; a street-walker; a housewife; a piece of US grade A choice meat@ \$1.65 lb.; a pregnant woman labeled "I'm a Creative Plaything"; and a witch.

Brother

by Tom Nixon
special to the Argus

It's a Wednesday morning in Berkeley and the sunshine incubates my freedom dreams—a sleek Harley chopper, the right chick. But the grand freedom dream runs head on into the fact that I live in an occupied city.

I spent the Sunday working in the People's Park. I wandered through that muddy, mosquito ridden parking swamp before, but now it was swamped no longer with insects but with people: 10 year olds with pick axes, old dudes lumbering behind wheelbarrows, housewives in broadcloth dresses, grandparents, black people, mao-button-people, and long-haired street people were passing sod hand to hand across the park. Two thousand people in a black square area digging, planting, building—a chaos of creation.

I walked over to where the sod was being laid. The brother next to me, slicked back hair and pointed aligator shoes, was explaining to a housewife: "We were digging the people's hole and at the same time there was this other dude filling up the people's hole, which was cool—its all cool." She nodded, smiled and seemed to understand.

I saw an unoccupied shovel, so I grabbed it—you had to be fast. Pretty soon a bandana-headed Gypsy chick walked by—they needed people in another part of the park to plant trees so I fell in with her.

The trees—the concept was a magic circle of plum trees that would some day be a shady grove beside the rock garden—we had to go down about 18 inches into the clay-hard ground.

In 20 minutes my hands were raw with blisters. A brother came for the hose to water a garden of lettuce and tomatoes we had planted. We gawked at each other laughing, mud on our hands and our brothers

See next page



'worth dying for'

From page 1

Berkeley is at war again. I came out here from Detroit a year ago, just a lonely black leather beatnik who had lived on the fringes of several sub-cultures in Detroit. The first time I walked in the streets of Berkeley last July—the town was then under martial law as it is now—I knew I had come home. Berkeley is our turf.

Out here all categories flow together. We're just brothers, doin' it together. Make love, make war, get high, get experienced. After awhile it all flows in the same breath. America had controlled us by dividing our life energies into separate compartments. But we're bringing it all together now; we're bringing it all back home.

The People's Park was born as an expression of our brotherhood. On Sunday, April 20, several hundreds of people showed up to work in the mud swamp in back of Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue, known as "the av." Close to a thousand dollars had been collected by panhandling, and the money was used to buy sod, shrubbery, trees. People donated bulldozers, picks, shovels, swings, and their labor and their love.

Who owned the land? Well, the Costomian Indians owned the land. They believed that anyone who lived there and used the land owned it. But the Catholic missionaries ripped the land off the Indians. Then the Mexican government ripped the land off the Catholics. Then the US government ripped it off the Mexicans. In 1967, emissaries from the University of California turned up brandishing a piece of paper. They threw off the street people who lived there and tore their houses down. The University claimed it was going to build a parking lot.

But no parking lot was built and after many months the people who lived around the swamp decided to return to the principles of the Indians. For several weeks the life of the community poured itself into the Park. Even cops came by, flashed v signs, and wished us good luck. A beautiful thing was taking shape.

Then on April 30 the University announced that the Park would be destroyed! The University had what it called "long range plans" to build dormitories there. At present only about 12% of the students live in the sparsely populated high-rise dormitories. In the interim, the University announced, it had suddenly obtained funds to build a soccer field on the land. "It is badly needed," the office of the vice-chancellor announced, "as a field for soccer, touch football, rugby, lacrosse, and maybe even cricket."

The people, wanting to play cricket, elected a committee to negotiate with the university. The University refused to negotiate, and the few promises it made were later to shrivel into lies. The people were to be crossed the same way the Indians had been crossed before. Student Body President Charles Palmer was later to charge: "This is not a case of people not working through channels. We tried. We found a dead end. I am disillusioned by the governing process of this university."

Similarly the University's School of Environmental Design had tried to negotiate for the people, and suggested the park be made into an "environmental design research station." The Chancellor gave the school two and a half days to come up with a proposal. In the meantime it pulled its blitzkrieg.

Thursday morning, May 15 squads of police and bulldozers moved into the Park at 3 am and started bulldozing the fresh turf and the newly planted trees and shrubs. The church pews that had been placed there as park benches were knocked over, as were the swings and slides that had been set up for the children. A huge cyclone fence was erected. The University broke its promise not to move in such a fashion. Berkeley responded.

Never before had the people of this college town been so united behind a cause. Father Richard York, an Episcopalian Priest of the People's Church, told several thousands of brothers and sisters Thursday, "As followers of Jesus, we are committed to stand with the poor and alienated who are trying to create a new world on the vacant lots of the old."

"Let's go take the Park!" Student Body President-Elect Dan Siegel cried. Marching up the Avenue, the people were met by over 400 Alameda county deputies, the Highway Patrol, and the San Francisco TAC squad. They were armed with plate steel vests, M-16 Stoner rifles, and pepper foggers. Bricks and bottles were unleashed. The response was curt: shotguns, rifles, and 38's ripped into the crowd. Tear gas bombs sailed back and forth like handgrenades. Angered, the people surged forward to retake their land. But the barrage of gunfire was steady, and the cries were painful. We fell back, carrying our bleeding wounded, over one hundred in all, according to the San Francisco Chronicle.

Governor Reagan screamed that "whole squads of police have been run down by the anarchists" and he called in close to a thousand National Guard.

In the furor that followed the assault on the crowd, University Chancellor Roger Heyns charged that the Park had been a "hotbed of drug-pushing, drug addiction, all

night revelries, infested with public latrines, garbage, and loud noise." In fact, the people had even established its own patrol to keep order in the park, and to keep the noise down after 11 pm.

On Friday public outrage against the shooting swelled. Early in the morning I intercepted a telegram on its way to the Chancellor from the San Francisco Longshoremen protesting in the strongest possible terms the destruction of the park and the shooting. The right wing Berkeley Gazette, which originally called the Park a communist conspiracy, wrote that "For the first time in Berkeley history guns have been fired by the police into a crowd of demonstrators. We realize it is all too easy to second guess persons in command but the nagging question in our minds is who gave the order and why. Our question is were things that desperate Thursday." The feeling in the air is that the use of guns is an adjunct to the general Nixon repression, and a signal to police across the country to follow suit. [The Gazette wrote Saturday that "there can be no doubt that the spirit of most who built the park was spontaneous and without malice."]

Since Thursday this writer has heard of a

score of incidents of unprovoked police assault, including a shotgun attack in a school yard which injured seventeen high school students. In one case the notorious Alameda County pigs confronted a man with his two year old child in his arms. The police gave the man two seconds to put his child down, then proceeded to kick the shit out of the man before his young son. "That boy," a sister remarked, "will grow up knowing which side he's on."

The people have made every effort to befriend the National Guard, who are viewed as brothers and "just draft dodgers." Everywhere the Guard mingles with the people, talking and waving. The feeling of some is that after a week of protracted conflict, the Guard may begin to put their guns down.

But as of this writing, the National Guard—whatever their personal conviction—march down our streets shoulder to shoulder, bayonets drawn. And the brothers and sisters march just as steadfast, shoulder to shoulder, fists clenched in the air—streaked with our own dry blood—knowing that we have found, at last, a land worth fighting for, and yes, a people worth dying for.

Top Left: National Guard gives the "v" sign prior to beating the shit out of the people.
Top Right: self-evident.
Bottom: A crowd of street people and students mass behind a National Guard convoy.
Photos/Anne Biesanz.



Dr. HIP in the streets...

Gene Shoenfeld

Siegal, president-elect of Cal's student body, never finished his talk to the crowds gathered to rally behind the Berkeley People's Park. When he suggested they leave the park, avoiding bloodshed and arrest, Siegal immediately left Sproul Plaza. Shouting, "We want the park," and whooping and cheering, they spilled out onto Telegraph Avenue and walked to the Haste Street intersection where a line of helmeted, brown-uniformed police waited behind barricades. A few minutes the demonstrators and police eyed each other warily. The chanting continued and a few students taunted the police. Suddenly a fire hydrant on the north corner was opened sending a graceful stream of water catty-cornered across the intersection. Some street people soon changed the tone of the arc, drenching the police and the only laughter heard that day. Rocks and bottles appeared next, flipping over the police, crashing down on both police and demonstrators. I heard a noise to my right and turned in time to see a charging of burly men in powder-blue jumpsuits, "Blue meanies", specially chosen for their size, strength, and utter dedication to the use of club and gun. They raced to the intersection, scattering students who slipped and fell in the wet intersection. Now the tear gas cannisters were thrown, driving the side streets. Another group retreated toward Dwight Way. Confrontations with tear gas are short-lived if you don't have a mask. I held my breath as long as I could and turned up Channing Way. Just ahead of me an Oriental girl and a crew-cut blond male friend were coughing and choking—a tear gas cannister had landed at their feet. They were taken into my residence hall. I continued up Channing Way and literally ran into Sergio Scherr hurrying to the Avenue to get photos for father Max's Barb. "Are you all right, man?" he asked. My eyes were bright red and tears streamed down my cheeks but I hadn't been badly gassed. I then continued on to the Avenue and looked for some cool tap water. My eyes were beginning to sting. A blond announced as a secretary unlocked the door to the university office building and three of us went for a sink. We washed our eyes and faces with soothing cool water taking care to rub in the clinging gas. Outside the building the streets were still quiet. Students strolled slowly up and down Channing Way looking through parkways at the People's Park on Haste Street. If the demonstrators returned to Telegraph Avenue they were soon driven up the street to the Durant intersection. No one had dared to block traffic and scores of frightened drivers were temporarily trapped in cars. Some of the students argued a blocking off the street. One had the idea of directing autos the wrong way down Telegraph and into the police cars. "These drivers find out about tear gas," I said. "But the first car in the right lane is a Cadillac driven by a terrified LOL and wouldn't go any direction but forward. I move. A huge dump truck roared at the intersection barely missing several demonstrators. Its cursing driver ducked a shower of wadded paper and fruit. New rocks and bottles were hurled from the street toward the police on Channing Way. "I thought he was throwing bullets, not rocks," someone said. "Oh, it, man," his friend replied. The police charged to the Durant intersection. Fleeing demonstrators or the police laid down an elderly white-haired lady in front of Larry Blake's Restaurant. Several were huddled about her long slender form lying full length on the sidewalk. I walked around her.

Even though there's a fence around the park, there's uniformed brothers in-king care of things—dumping their cans of water on the trees and the grass. "Nobody told us to do this," said a park guard, "but a man doesn't want to live with things die after they've been planted. Planting takes a lot of work." Right as the trees being in, I started hauling wheelbarrows of dirt through the 2000 dirt, laughing, brothers and sisters, to the dumping area on the other side of the fence. I still don't know how I got the job done. Those loaded down wheelbarrows were so ominous that I had vowed to let them alone! But the People's Park energy was great. Flowing so lustily, that I grabbed handles and there I was, wheeling and heaping my way through my brothers and sisters and the manic energy that was our community freedom dream.

ed across Telegraph intending to help her but was met by an eerie sight, an armed figure peering through his gas mask and waving a club.

"Get out of here," he shouted through the mask.

"I'm a doctor and I want to help that woman."

He ran toward me club extended and I split. The old woman was helped to her feet and limped to the lines of the demonstrators. Hanging from her neck was a hand-written sign saying "I love the People's Park." I flashed on the last time I had been in the Park—children playing on the swings, David Scherr [another of Max's sons] working with pick and shovel planting a tree, the distribution of free food.

Dense clouds of tear gas now billowed up from the Telegraph-Dwight area. An unmarked police car was overturned and burned and the police drove the crowds south on Telegraph. My laboratory assistant was on Wark and Telegraph when she attempted to escape the gas by running into a small building on a lot owned by Cunha Pontiac. One of the Cunha Pontiac employees drove her out shouting "Get out, get out, you deserve everything you're getting." I suppose she'll say the same if their showrooms are destroyed.

Jeeps with police literally riding shotgun weaved up and down Telegraph apparently trying to run down students. Sawed-off shotguns carrying heavy lead slugs [not the birdshot reported by police] and .38 caliber bullets were used to gun down anyone in sight. A 24 year old carpenter on the roof of the Telegraph Repertory Theatre was hit in the face by a shotgun blast. He will be blind for life.

Another shotgun blast ripped through the abdomen of a 25 year old man who is now in critical condition in Herrick Hospital's intensive care unit. He lost his spleen, a large portion of his intestines and his left kidney. Most of the people wounded by shotguns were released after treatment at Herrick Hospital. Ten were admitted, four in serious condition.

Cal's Student Health Service admitted ten students with gunshot wounds. Four had been shot with large bore bullets; two had through and through wounds of the extremities; one was hit in the shoulder and one in the abdomen.

One of the Cal students who was shot-gunned works in the hospital record room and often brought me patient's charts. He lost several fingers of his left hand.

Well-informed sources have told me the fencing off of People's Park occurred when it did solely because the Regents of the University were to meet on budgetary matters that afternoon and wished to show the legislature they were in firm control of the situation.

Policemen who reacted like goons and mad dogs were "only following orders." But their orders came from the administrative goons of the University who value property and budget more than human lives. Even so, Chancellor Heyns and the Regents have made an unwise financial move. The fence around People's Park will last only as long as National Guardsmen and police are there to protect it. No Cal student will ever choose to play soccer in the People's Park—that is a Cal tradition one can predict in advance. Militants, now aware of the University's high regard for property, may turn now to sabotaging property rather than promoting hopeless confrontations.

The University of California is one of the world's great educational institutions. I am proud to be a Cal alumnus. But no piece of property—not Sproul Hall, not the Life Science building, not Dwinelle or Wheeler or any other structure large or small, flammable or not—is worth a man's hands or eyes.

Up where we were planting the trees somebody laid some Budweiser on us, so I gulped some down—ah, grabbed another wheelbarrow full and trucked on. The dumping area was the foundation of one of the old houses that the University had destroyed to get the land. Sitting along part of that ruin were some stoned out sisters with a bottle of wine. "Your wine, my wine, the people wine—have some wine brother!" So I'd drop a load, swig some wine—then back for more beer, negotiate the crowd and chug some more wine. No pains, no hassles—only brothers and sisters reaching out.

Wheeling, wheeling, such fucked up wheeling that I was doing had to be stopped, you know, for the good of the brothers and sisters. I hung it up and sat down with a PG&E worker from Richmond—me and him, this jug of wine, his wife and a couple of kids.

A straight dude [by all our standards]—he digs ditches all day—the park gave us a

chance to become brothers. "We ain't hippies or nothing we just like freedom," said his wife as she passed me a balogna sandwich.

I wandered off to eat some people's stew—brewed in a garbage can, stirred with a shovel—enough for everyone.

It was about 6 or 7 and I'd been at the park for 8 hours. It didn't look like anyone had left and everyone was high; high on wine high on dope, and high on each other. The results of the day were proudly visible—a meandering brick sidewalk lined with plants, rock gardens, rows of trees, roped off areas of fresh sod, a concrete lined fire pit, a fish pond, sculptures, swing sets, and over there on the bandstand a rock group was tuning up. This was our turf. As Stokely Carmichael once said, "We're poor people we don't have to pay for land, we already own it."

Memories of the Sunday evening are dim; it was 5 the next afternoon before I could

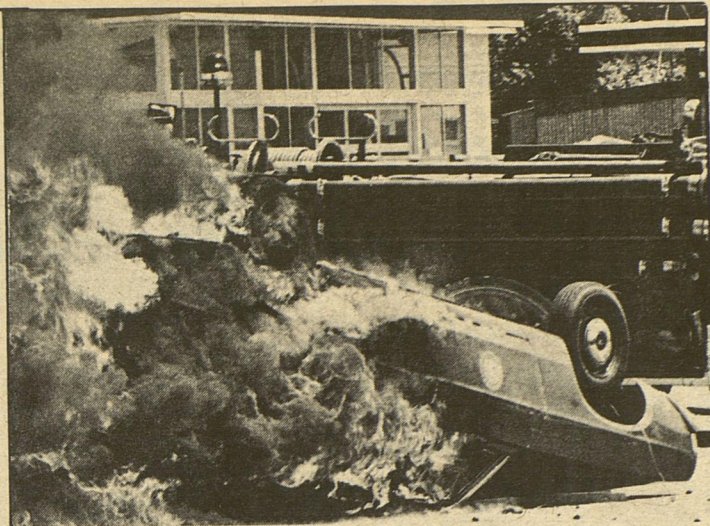
move. But I remember this dream of a beautiful wild-maned guerilla girl who took me back to her commune. There was Spencer, a black spade dude, sitting on the side of the bathtub, playing the blues to me on his harp while I vomited; and that slick quiet woman who had helped me. Through my exhausted freedom dream haze I fell stone in love with her—with her, with the people, with the brothers and sisters, and with our mother earth.

A few days later I would be beside this woman in the same bathroom, tearing up the last of their sheets, and soaking them in water and baking soda—the people's gas mask.

Yes, the streets of Berkeley are occupied today; occupied by thousands of madman motherfuckers, in love with saviour women and stoned on the women and stoned on the freedom dream.

— Power to the People!

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Students respond (above) to the pigs' blasting a brother with buckshot (below). /LNS



Academic Fascism

by Fleagle

"Student Protest And the Law" was the title of the conference put on by the Institute of Continuing Education of May 16 and 17. But, there were few students present at Rackham. In fact, of all the lawyers and laymen on the panel only one has represented students in legal battles with the university.

It would be easy to write off such a conference as university types getting their legal tactics together to put down students when they attack university buildings. And, certainly there was much of that. Only about half of those attending were lawyers, even though the Institutes' main function is to keep practicing lawyers up on what is happening in the law.

The rest were college administrators, whose university had laid out the \$50 fee [five dollars for students, but that wasn't publicized] so that they could learn how to deal with student unrest. They weren't dissatisfied. Robert Coses, who represented the University of Wisconsin in a federal suit to enjoin the university's disciplinary process, said that it was time to lay down the law to students.

And, the remark that most impressed those sitting around me was that due process shouldn't be carried too far. "After all a fair trial is one thing, but let's not have a carnival."

But, the award for the best remark of the conference must go to John P. Holloway, resident legal counsel for the University of Colorado, who said, "The best thing about getting a court to issue an injunction is that you can enjoy activity which is protected by the First Amendment." Get it! The university can stop free speech. Well, the administrators really liked that.

Just think; no need to worry about the Constitution when you had a friend at the courthouse. Like money in the bank. And, when the cops come in, the university can smile innocently and say that they didn't order the cops in.

It is easy enough to realize what most of these present were up to: learning how to legally stop students. But, there were others at the conference who were seriously interested in how students could be given a voice in the universities.

The three speakers who represented that point of view were Professors Robert Knauss, William Beaney, and Paul Carrington. They all argued that students had an important role to play in the university, and are legitimately demanding a voice.

Listening to Professor Knauss speak about how the University of Michigan has avoided student take over by giving the radicals a voice in student politics, it was easy to see that his point was simply one of co-opting the radicals by giving into demands which in no way changed how the university is ruled. Knauss, who it is rumored wants to be a University Vice President, was showing other administrators how to stop the students with mirrors so they won't have to stop them with cops.

There were those who were serious about protecting students. Professor Beaney, who is a leading Constitutional scholar, made a strong legal case that private universities can no more deny Constitutional rights than public universities. Professor William Van Alstyne told the conference that universities have the duty to give publicity to narrowly drawn rules of behavior and not just use vague rules to get those "outside agitators".

The most exciting thing that happened at the conference was talking to Fred Gray, a black lawyer from Alabama. Gray was the lawyer in *Dixon v Alabama Board of Education*, where a federal court for the first time said that a university could not kick out students without giving them some of the protections of due process. But, unfortunately most of those present were on the other side.

The one exception on the panel was Richard Lippe, whose firm represents the student government at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Lippe told how he has instituted suit to stop the university from stealing cars of students who haven't paid their parking tickets. More important, he mentioned a suit he was preparing to stop building construction at the school until blacks were working on the project. The suit was being brought in the name of the students against the university!

Lippe also brought up the "unpleasant" subject of police undercover agents on com-

See page 21.

COURTMARTIAL VERDICT

Victory at Selfridge

by M.S.

Selfridge Air Force Base is an idyllic installation on the beautiful shores of Lake St. Clair about twenty miles north of Detroit. It houses SAC installation, a fighter wing, and miscellaneous other units. Anti-war act has been sparse. All airmen enlist, and so the normal unrest to be found at a base with a large number of inductees is absent. However, recently, even this island of calm has been hit with the reality of the opposition to the War, and American imperialism. *The Ally*, an anti-war GI newspaper published in Berkeley, California, started to appear around the base. One of those airmen who read it and found it exciting was Theodore Goldflies. He began to feel that he would like others to read the paper, and so obtained copies in quantity, and made them available to interested GIs. He fell into the spider's web on April 22, 1969.

On that afternoon, as he was leaving work to go to a special training class, he ran into Lieutenant Robert Donovan, an officer who considers it part of his responsibility to dictate the moral and political views of his men. Goldflies was carrying some copies of *The Ally*.

"What have you got there?"

"Copies of *The Ally*. It is an underground newspaper."

"Give me one, will you?"

"No, it may be against regulations to give you one, but if you would like one, you may take one from the pile."

Lieutenant Donovan took one. Within thirty minutes, he and another officer were in the office of Major Fred Smith, the commander of the First Civil Engineering Squadron to which all concerned were assigned.

"Find Goldflies!" boomed Smith.

An inquiry at Goldflies' shop indicated he was at a special class. An inquiry at the special class indicated the class was over and Goldflies had been dismissed at about 3:45 P.M. No further attempt was made to contact this young political heretic until he was called to Major Smith's office on April 28, 1969.

"I propose to impose punishment on you under Article 15 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. You are accused of being away from your duty station without authority from 3:45 to 4:30 P.M. on April 22, 1969. You have the right to either accept this administrative punishment, or refuse punishment and be tried by Court Martial."

"I want to talk to my lawyer," said Goldflies. Goldflies contacted Attorney Marc Stickgold, a radical attorney in Detroit who is President of the Detroit Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild. After a conference with him and Attorney Marc Kadish, Executive Secretary of the Detroit Guild chapter, the decision was made to refuse the administrative punishment and force a Court Martial. "We were convinced he was innocent," said Stickgold, "as well as being convinced that he was being prosecuted solely for his political and free speech activities. We wanted this revealed in a public hearing."

On May 20, 1969, the Court Martial was held. Although it was only a summary court martial [the lowest type], Goldflies still faced thirty days in the stockade, loss of pay and rank, or other punishments. In an attempt to raise the political question directly, the attorneys filed a motion to dismiss the prosecution on the grounds that it was political harassment. All the officers concerned, from Major Smith on down, were summoned to testify at the court martial. The testimony elicited revealed that neither Lieutenant Donovan nor Major Smith thought the contents of the paper were "fit for military eyes." They had wanted to prosecute Goldflies directly for having the newspaper. The Judge Advocate General [legal officer], however, had told them that there was nothing illegal about it; that they would have to get him on something else. And so behold! They discovered that Goldflies had missed 45 minutes of work, and prosecuted him under Article 86 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice for failing to repair to his appointed place of duty without authority.

The court martial hearing officer, Captain May, reserved decision on the political motion and proceeded to hear evidence on the alleged absence from work. Testimony of both the government's witnesses and the defense witnesses definitively established that it was and had been normal custom and practice for airmen going to late afternoon classes not to return to work until the next morning. There was further evidence, in Goldflies' case, that the Airman in Charge of his shop had known that Goldflies intended to return the next morning, and had said "O.K." when told this. Finally, the instructor of the special class had told the class upon dismissing it to "make it for the day," which is commonly understood to mean "dismissed for the day." The weak and trumped up nature of the charges became clear. There was even testimony that the JAG office had once told Major Smith's office to tear up the charges against Goldflies because they wouldn't hold water. But the Major pressed on.

Captain May found Airman Goldflies not guilty. The attempt at harassment failed. The case had become an important topic of conversation on the base and many airmen were watching the outcome. This victory will hopefully give some greater freedom to airmen at Selfridge who want to read about the war in other than the *Air Force Times*. And more important, it opens up opportunities for organizing some of the GIs at Selfridge into understanding the nature of the military and the War, and beginning to resist it.

Stickgold and Kadish, who are the Midwest attorneys for the New York Draft and Military Law Panel, sponsored by the Guild and the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, feel the victory is important beyond the specific case. "Servicemen must know that their isolation is not total," said Kadish. "I think the fact that the political implications of the case were made clear both to the brass and the GIs will be crucial to the success of future organizing efforts. It was not just a minor AWOL charge that was beaten, but a political charge, and everyone knows it," said Stickgold. This first court martial at Selfridge in many months [the last one was of an airman who made a pass at a WAF officer—he got thirty days] has triggered what it is hoped will be continued organizing activities on the base.

sentencing delayed

John Sinclair's sentencing on his bogus conviction for "assaulting" a rent-a-demon at an MC-5 gig last July has been postponed until June 6. Sinclair's attorney William Segesta presented new evidence, a sworn affidavit by the owner of the club, "The Loft" in Leonard, Michigan, where the demon beat the shit out of Sinclair and mossrite guitarist Fred Smith, who was found innocent on the same charge. The affidavit testifies that the demons and the club manager Harold Bomer conspired to bait Sinclair into an ambush, then to assault him. Segesta had previously subpoenaed the owner prior to the original trial, but was unable to find him. After the conviction, however, he suddenly reappeared, unable to have his conscience tolerate such an outrage of justice.

In other developments, the pretrial examination on Sinclair's trial for "failing to register as a narcotics offender" was held May 23 in Detroit Federal District Court. The customs pigs at Port Huron, Mich., arrested Sinclair and detained the band on their way to a gig in Sarnia, Ontario, and the government charges that Sinclair was "escaping" the country so as not to have to face his dope bust charges and his assault conviction. They also charge he is a nomad, or something—i.e., that he doesn't have a permanent place to live, and thus his reason for trying to escape. The fact that he is part of the Trans-Love commune on 1510 Hill, with a wife and daughter also living there, is evidently irrelevant.



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SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

WHITE PANTHER PARTY
National Headquarters
1510 Hill St.
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

Statement by the MINISTER of DEFENSE

"In this country the anarchists seem to feel that if they just express themselves individually and tend to ignore the limitations imposed on them, without leadership and without discipline they can oppose the very disciplined, organized, reactionary state. This is not true. They will be oppressed as long as imperialism exists. You cannot oppose a system such as this to oppose it with organization that's even more extremely disciplined and dedicated than the structure you're opposing."

Huey P. Newton--Minister of Defense--Black Panther Party

Serve the people, all the people, all the time. To be Revolutionaries this is what we must do. To earn the name Revolutionaries we must answer the needs of the people, all the people. Side with the people, stand with the people, work with the people, love the people. As White Revolutionaries we are also Cultural Revolutionaries, not Cultural Nationalist, but Cultural Revolutionaries, we are carrying on Cultural Guerrilla Warfare. Constantly attacking and destroying honkie culture, destroying honkie ideas, destroying honkie consciousness. But we must understand that honkie culture is not only "out there", it is "in here" too, it is way down deep inside of us. As the Motherfuckers say, "We have to kill 2 pigs, the pigs out there, and the pigs inside of us." For how ever old we are that's how much honkiness we have been exposed to, if we're 20 yrs old then we've been exposed to 20 years of honkie culture, and we are just starting to destroy the pig that is in all of us. LSD is one of the tools we have used to kill the inner pig, acid destroys the pig in us, LSD is an acid, it eats the pig, it destroys the pig, and after we've taken acid the pig dies, and we begin to see through honkie culture, we begin to tune in to reality, like Eldridge deals with this same thing in SOUL ON ICE very well, he says that Black People represent the body, Black People do the work, White People represent the mind, White People do the thinking, after we take acid we begin to find our body, this is where a Revolutionary Culture comes in. A culture that relates to the reality around us. Objective Materialism, when people start getting out of their heads and into their bodies. When people start dealing with objective reality and seeing things as they really are, instead of the way they have been told things are. That's honkie culture, living in the head, that's honkie culture, relating to the false reality that has been laid down by some honkie administrators, false reality that has been laid down by some honkie media, false reality (which is not reality at all, but a dream, a subjectivism) laid down by some honkie educational system, in other words lies, lies that keep the people confused, divided, in pain, and powerless.

But we are breaking out of that, we are breaking out of it with Revolutionary Culture of Revolutionary People. Our Revolutionary Culture is for all the Revolutionary Peoples, as Chairman Mao says, "Our purpose is to ensure that literature and art fit well into the whole revolutionary machine as a component part, that they operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy, and that they help the people fight the enemy with one heart and one mind." This is the duty of Cultural Revolutionaries, to bring Revolutionary Politics and Revolutionary Culture together. Capitalism separates, to be Revolutionary we must destroy this separation. Capitalism divides, we must break down the divisions. We must join Revolutionary Art with Revolutionary Politics, this will be a Revolutionary Culture. A culture for

all the Revolutionary Peoples. There can be no separation between politics and culture, life style and culture, life style and politics. WE ARE WHAT WE DO! To be a Revolutionary we must live a Revolutionary life style, to live a Revolutionary life style in Amerika we must live communism. Live in COMMON with our people. Politics is life style, life style is culture. To be total Revolutionaries we must live a total Revolution, we must live in a Revolutionary Culture. Culture is the way we live the way we act, the way we relate to OBJECTIVE REALITY.

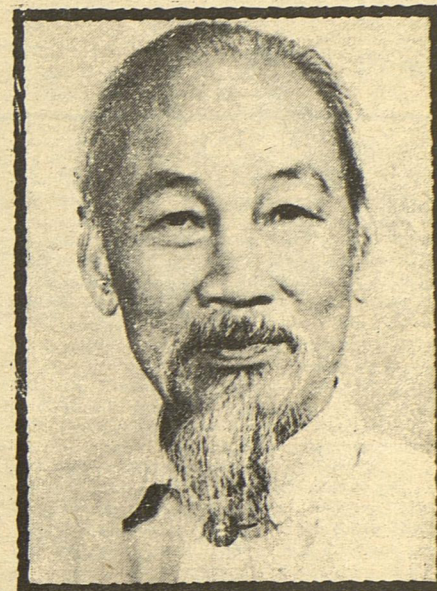
To serve the people--all the people--this is the thing that is facing White Revolutionary People today--are we going to put our energies toward freeing our individual selves, freeing individuals, or are we going to put our energies to freeing "the broad masses of people?" As Revolutionaries we must side with the people, we must think of the people first and think of the individual next. The individual cannot be free until all the people are free.

This is what made Che and Fidel such beautiful and complete Revolutionaries, Che was a Doctor, Fidel was a Lawyer, yet they stood with the people. With the workers and peasants. They could have thought only of themselves and strived only for individual freedom, instead they went to the people, they dedicated their lives to the liberation of the people. This is what we must do to earn the name Revolutionary. We must side with the people, we must strive for the liberation of all the people, we must strive for the liberation of all the oppressed peoples, the peoples who are oppressed as a race, oppressed as a people, oppressed as a class, when these people are free then we can turn our attention and our energy to liberation the individual. At this time to work solely for individual freedom is not answering the needs of the people, the oppressed peoples are oppressed as a group, not as individuals and we must side with the oppressed peoples. A Revolutionary and a Revolutionary Organization must serve the needs of the people, all the people. At this time all the people need to be free from this racist, oppressive, capitalistic death system. Death culture.

So this is what we must do as Political Revolutionaries, this is what we must do as Cultural Revolutionaries--serve all the people. Our art, music, poetry, literature, our every breath must be for the people, to show the people the ways to liberate themselves, the tools of liberation. We must teach the people through example, we must show the people Revolutionary Organization, Revolutionary Discipline, and Revolutionary Violence. Organize, Discipline, Guns! There is only one answer to the crimes committed against the people and that is Revolutionary Violence. The people will write the final history, we are the people. Right On!

Pun Plamondon
Minister of Defense
White Panthers

HAPPY BIRTHDAY !



PRESIDENT HO CHI MINH

BORN MAY 19, 1890

Certainly the U.S. aggressors will meet with complete failure. Our armed forces and people throughout the country will surely win complete victory.

BLOODSUCKERS BEWARE!

You can't operate a capitalistic system unless you are vulturistic, you have to have someone else's blood to suck to be a capitalist. You show me a capitalist, I'll show you a blood-sucker. He cannot be anything but a blood-sucker if he's going to be a capitalist.

--Malcolm X December 20, 1964

KOKAINE KARMA

Music is revolution. It swells the hearts and filters through the brain infecting the listener with the message of the artist -- a direct line of communication truth not distorted by mis-managed bullshit media. Music must be subversive -- stealing the attention of youth, capturing their spirit and damning their minds to the paranoid fears and uptight oppressive parental nausea that has enthralled the freedom and joy of living. Sound expressions of the libido, the spirit and the will to survive are fused into the war against the aging orders. The musical explosions of the MC5, John Coltrane, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, Pharoah Sanders, Marion Brown, Grateful Dead, Group Image, & Sun Ra are fueling the spiritual fires. Shepp speaks of the artist's responsibility to make order out of chaos without the specific aid of a gavel; that is, to capture a religious moment and convey it in the intelligible language God inspires.

(con. at bottom of next page)

★ MC5 ★



The MC5 is a whole thing. There is no way to get at the music without taking in the whole context of the music too--there is no separation. We say the MC5 is the solution to the problem of separation, because they are so together. The MC5 is totally committed to the revolution, as the revolution is totally committed to driving people out of their separate shells and into each other's arms.

I'm talking about unity, brothers and sisters, because we have to get it together. We are the solution to the problem, if we will just be that. If we can feel it, LeRoi Jones said, "feeling predicts intelligence." The MC5 will make you feel it or leave the room. The MC5 will drive you crazy out of your head into your body. The MC5 is rock and roll. Rock and roll is the music of our bodies, of our whole lives--the resensifier, Rob Tyner calls it. We have to come together, people, "build to a gathering," or else. Or else you are dead, and gone.

The MC5 will bring you back to your senses from wherever you have been taken to hide. They are bad. Their whole lives are totally given to this music. They are a whole thing. They are a working model of the new paleocybernetic culture in action. There is no separation. They live together to work together, they eat together, fuck together, get high together, walk down the street and through the world together. There is no separation. Just as their music will bring you together like that, if you hear it. If you will live it. And we will make sure you hear it, because we know you need it as bad as we do. We have to have it.

The music is the source and effect of our spirit flesh. The MC5 is the source and effect of the music, just as you are. Just as I am. Just to hear the music and have it be our selves, is what we want. What we need. We are a lonely desperate people, pulled apart by the killer forces of capitalism and competition, and we need the music to hold us together. Separation is doom. We are free men, and we demand a free music, a free high energy source that will drive us wild into the streets of Amerika yelling and screaming and tearing down everything that would keep people slaves.

The MC5 is that force. The MC5 is the revolution, in all its applications. There is no separation. Everything is everything. There is no thing to fear. The music will make you strong, as it is strong, and there is no way it can be stopped now. All power to the people! The MC5 is here now for you to hear and see and feel now! Give it up--come together--get down, brothers and sisters, it's time to testify, and what you have here in your hands is a living testimonial to the absolute power and strength of these men. Go wild! The world is yours! Take it now, and be one with it! Kick out the jams, motherfucker! And stay alive with the MC5.

John Sinclair, Minister of Information, White Panther Party
(Liner notes to MC5 Elektra lp Kick Out the Jams) Friday December 13th 1968, in the first year of Zenta

The guitar to Woodie Guthrie and Bob Dylan is a gun.

If the music is truth it will be the rallying point for revolutionaries and the most direct line of communication to the masses. Long was the night, slow the coming of the red dawn, For a hundred years the devil monsters whirled in a dance, And there was no coming together of the myriad people.

Now the cock crows, dawn breaks over the world,
And from a thousand places arises a swelling music,
Never were poets so inspired! -- Mao Tse Tung

Rock & Roll music is drowning the doddering, decaying society under a tidal wave of our emerging culture. The carcass of the ass is being savagely mutilated by screaming swords of music

Take away the sign 人 (man) from the sign 囚 for prison,
Add to it 或 (probability) that makes the word 國 (nation)
Take the head-particle from the sign 患 for misfortune:
That gives the word 忠 (fidelity),
Add the sign 亻 for man (standing) to the sign 憂 for worry
That gives the word 優 (quality).
Take away the bamboo top 竹 from the sign 龍 for prison,
That gives you 龍 (dragon).

People who come out of prison can build up the country.
Misfortune is a test of people's fidelity.
Those who protest at injustice are people of true merit.
When the prison-doors are opened, the real dragon will fly out.

HO CHI MINH PRISON DIARY

Remember Brother Malcolm

Anytime Uncle Sam, with all his machinery for warfare, is held to a draw by some rice-eaters, he's lost the battle.

America's conscience is bankrupt. She lost all conscience long time ago.

We have a common oppressor, a common exploiter, and a common discriminator. Once we all realize that we have a common enemy, we can unite.

born May 19, 1925 - Assassinated Feb. 21, 1965

LETTER FROM AN ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN TO THE ANN ARBOR PIGS

I'm ugly to you
but my old lady thinks
i'm beautiful
the difference goes back to
the first time the smooth
men beat the hairy men
and said sasquatch bigfoot yeti
hippie whatever
go get high
in the mountains
and don't come back down
cause we own everything now
and we went bag and baggage
muttering about pot and pottage
but you were so hung up on
law and order
you had to send stiff lip english
heroes to look at our tracks
and they said let's bust the
abominable motherfuckers
but we fooled you and came
to ann arbor
and west park was one of our
high places
and i thought it was the last
place i'd ever rest
it may look uninhabited to
you but to me it's home or at
least where i wait around
for what's going to happen
to happen

And then you sent armed minstrels
in black masks
to give us an old song and dance
about whose land we were on
and you said
disperse
and we said we'd love to, man
but we've already dispersed
to here
from all the other places you've
thrown us out of
where can we go
except maybe to your bed
which you ought to be home in
and i bet some really abominable
demonstrations go on there
but while i was talking you were
busy in detroit which you also say
you own putting the products of
your smog factories into cans

and you throw the cans at us
and i could see it was another
burn
and i saw a green light
in the sky
fade in the west
and thought that means go
and i went and hid
in a reflex action
you started directing traffic around
your new territory

You've taken my tien shan by beautiful
brownshingle maybeck mountain and
turned it to real estate and you say
the mountain is yours because you
own the land it stands on
and now the hills are pink stucco with
parking underneath free as long as
the rent is in on time
you've cornered the market on land
and you're aiming for people now
but watch us
we're peaceful creatures but
even the most abominable among us will
fight if cornered
remember you domestic shorthair cats
mountains outlast laws
someday you'll use up your ammo
your guns will hang limp
and it won't be long now
all the land used up
all the games played
and you'll roll over
and like your stupid permits
expire
and then the green light will shine
for us
and we will come down
and replant a few old gardens
where you will push up all kinds of
groovy daisies
Some of those avenue mountaineers
are only human like you
they look ready to flip their lids
turn on a revolution
and take away your jobs
But who wants your jobs anyway
all we want is your world
Any way you cut it you guys fucked up.
Love
the abominable snowman



FREE!



COMMUNITY PARK FREE MUSIC!

We declare for libertarian communism which is already 12 months pregnant.
We declare there are no more poets, only humans with songs to sing. We
declare for a rebirth in man's collective sensibilities, so long fragmented,
battered and dulled. We declare words/bullets are not PRIVATE PROPERTY.
We declare that poems/guns are for all of us. Can you dig that? Then DO IT!

The great beast shudders and chokes
Its children rise up in arms against its blasphemies
Spewing their language across the face of America
and Draft boards and police installations go up in holy smoke
We will be free
We will be free

Our song is blasted against the flash of all memory
It tears at the cells of all flesh--"all oppressed peoples
Have the absolute right to self-defense and self-determination
by any means necessary, and are not bound to recognize
any laws of the oppressor!"

This is no poem, this is the breath of madmen
This is the song of cultural revolution
We are LSD-driven total maniacs in the universe
hollering and screaming to be free--
And we will be free
We will be free if we have to take all of them with us
We will blast them with the machine guns of our music
and with the literal machine guns and pistols of our holy fantasies
We will not be stopped
We will not be stopped
We can not be stopped
We will fuck their daughters in dressing rooms
while their mothers whimper in front of the television set
We will turn on their sons and daughters in the streets
We will watch them fucking in the grass and smile
We will eat the mothers' flesh while their husbands cower in the closet
We will strip naked before them and rip off their weird clothes
and the weird coverings of their robot culture ---
We will scream our program thru their technology
BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY, MOTHERFUCKER!

We demand the absolute freedom of all black, yellow, red, brown, white &
all other people on the planet -- We are not free until all the people are free!
We demand the end of money -- free exchange of energy and materials!
We demand free access to the communications media -- free the technology
from the greed creeps and turn it over to the people!
We demand free access to all structures -- turn the buildings over to the people
at once!
We demand free food, clothes, housing, dope, music, bodies, medical care;
Everything FREE for everybody!
We demand free time and space for all people -- dissolve all unnatural boundaries
on the planet and within the people!
We demand the freedom of all prisoners everywhere -- they are our brothers!
We demand the release of all conscripted soldiers!
We demand the end of leaders -- leaders suck-- we have to have the absolute right
of self-determination for all the people!
All Power to the People!
All Power to the People!
All Power to All the People!
We will not be fucked with any longer!
We are tired of waiting
We are tired of being lied to
We are tired of a few atrophied brontosaurus chomps
running the lives of the people so they can fly
the Rolling Stones in for their daughter's debutante party in
Grosse Pointe -- fuck that shit!
We demand free dances & free music everywhere for
all the people all the time!
We demand total amnesty for all political prisoners and
victims of the capitalist terror, starting with the
release of Brother Huey P. Newton,
the free return of Eldridge Cleaver to the Black Colony and his people,
the freedom of the Presidio 24 (3 of them are free now by any means necessary)
and all military victims, the end of the persecution
of the Detroit Conspiracy, The New York Black Panther 21 (who are held under
\$2 million dollars ransom by the Pig Power Structure), the Milwaukee 14, the
Buffalo 9, the Ann Arbor Resistance, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Tom Hayden
Bobby Seale, The White Panther Central Committee, and any other of our brothers
and sisters charged with any bullshit crime by the criminals in the U.S. Govern-
ment who do not speak for the people.

We will not submit to FASCISM!
We demand the end of cultural repression and the specific harassment
of our revolutionary culture RIGHT NOW!
We are the International Werewolf Conspiracy!
We are the crazy Motherfuckers hated by all dumb authority!

We are the White Panthers
Eldridge Cleaver warned you about

John Sinclair, Minister of Information
White Panthers 3/24/69



The people of Ann Arbor have come together in support of their revolution-
ary culture--we have used traditional
democratic/legal means combined with
an organizational effort designed to ed-
ucate our people to their own power.
A petition for Free Music in West Park
was circulated through the hip commu-
nity by the White Panther Party and in
the Ann Arbor Argus, and then presen-
ted to the Ann Arbor city council. After
much beauracratic bullshit and 2 years
of negotiation the city authorities were
forced to deal with the desires and
needs of the people in a serious man-
ner. The "amplified music" prohibi-
tion was changed, the city has agreed
to co-operate in the technical produc-
tion of the weekly free concerts (the
concerts will rotate between 4 or 5
parks, the city will provide electricity
and stages, the city and the White Pan-
thers will combine resources in adver-
tising the location of each and which
bands/poets/movies will play).

The problem in the past was not the
loud music--it was that the honkies who
love Montovani, Ed Sullivan and 15 hours
of TV were able to prevent rock and roll
by calling in a complaint to the police.
The pigs came, and the people were not
organized enough to tell them and the
honkies to fuck off and leave them alone.
We were pushed out of West Park, out
of the Arb, and hassled in Gallup Park.

We heard the "guardians of law and
order" tell us they were only doing
their job in preventing our culture from
"disturbing" the honkies--"gotta pro-
tect everybody's rights, you know"--
bullshit.

Well, we got aware that the only
way our culture could grow is if we
all got behind it, and if we realized
that eventually the honkie culture
will die, but in the meantime we have
to declare that the honkie/racist/
capitalist culture of Amerika has al-
ways been infringing on our rights to
be Free Humans; has been fucking over

the rest of the world so Amerika could
produce enough plastic, poison, and
bullshit to satisfy its death-wish. It's
not a question of rights, but of Revolu-
tion.

We will not allow honkie culture
to commit genocide on our revolutionary
culture just as we will unite with Black
people, Vietnamese, and other Third-
World people to prevent the control
or destruction of their cultures.

The Free Concerts are the basis
for further community/strength. The
White Panther Party intends to take
up weekly collections for L.S.D. and
the Detroit Black Panther Party's
"Breakfast for Children Program,"
and to inform everyone to what's
happening: who's in jail for what--
how we can get our brothers and sis-
ters out of jail; how to organize a po-
litical response to court-room battles--
to defend our people thru daily acts of
solidarity; have gatherings and strategy
sessions with High School people who
are forced to operate secretly and
outside their schools and homes due
to the intensive repression and intimi-
dation brought to bear on them; we will
re-educate ourselves in a revolutionary
fashion--learn to identify with the
planets, humans, and the leaders we
have been told to fear (Huey Newton,
Mao Tse Tung, Fidel Castro, Ho Chi
Minh).

We must remember that the blood
of our brothers & sisters that was
drawn by the butcher pigs in Peoples
Park, Berkeley has made our imme-
diate struggle easier--it is our duty
to intensify--you can have what you ask
for, ask for everything.

The best defense is a good offense.
Right on. All Power to the People!
Peace and Freedom to those who Earn
it! Panther Power to those who are!

Skip Taube
Minister of Education
White Panther Party

CUBA

TODAY I SAW A BLIND MAN'S EYES GROW BIG,
DILATE, AS HE SAT DREAMING BY THE WINDOW,
AND FELT THE IMPACT OF THE LIGHT.

BECAUSE THE LIGHT CAME POURING IN,
THE LIGHT OF THE PEOPLE,
THE LIGHT THAT FILLED THE WORLD
AS WITH A FLAME.

The Argus, May 24 - June 9, Page 13



HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

UNITE!



A Milwaukee priest reading an anti-Vietnam statement receives FBI justice, Sept. 22.

Milwaukee 14

From page 3

ings. Who is the criminal?" cried Forest.

The prosecution then began to present its witnesses. These included the two cleaning ladies from the Brumder Building where the Selective Service offices were housed, who had happened upon some of the "14" during the action. They feebly identified two or three of the defendants. On cross examination, the only questions asked of them were, "Did we hurt you?" "No." "Did you get the flowers and candy we sent you in apology for any fear we might have caused you?" "Yes!"

Next came two eyewitnesses to the burning of the records in the small grassy triangle outside the building. As an 18 year old student, who identified people at random, would point out one of the defendants, that defendant would reply, "Wrong again!" Half of his identifications were wrong. He had the wrong people in the wrong places. The defendants had to help him get his testimony straight. The second witness, a cocky, abrasive young photographer for the *Milwaukee Journal*, produced about ten pictures of the events outside the building. One of the defendants protested that none of the pictures properly portrayed his part in the action.

Followed then some Selective Service officials to establish what was taken, how long it took to reassemble the records [five weeks], and the value of the records [of some import, since if the records were not worth at least \$100, two of the three charges fail], which both sides agreed were "inherently worthless," but the prosecution contended that the labor cost in reassembling them was more than \$100. The cross examination of these officials included such questions as, "How would you value these records in terms of the human lives they represent?" "Do you keep track, in the administrative process, of those registrants of your Board killed in Vietnam?" They were naturally ruled irrelevant by the court.

The most exciting by-products of the trial, besides the intermittent power of the defense in the courtroom, after the jury was selected, two of the prospective jurors, both ladies, who had been rejected, came up to the defendants and told them they wished they had been on the jury because they would never have voted a guilty verdict. One wrote out a check to the defense fund on the spot. Often during the recesses, the impact on the two prosecutors, both ACLU types, became apparent. They would consult with and advise the defendants on what the most effective tactic would be. As one of the Selective Service officials took the stand, one of the prosecutors whispered to the defendants, "Here's the guy you really want to get to."

In a conversation outside the courtroom, Sampson, the head prosecutor, said, "Whoever thought of the tactic of lay advocacy was a genius. They may just reach that jury. They may just convince some of them." Maybe they will and maybe they won't but the importance of lay advocacy as a technique has just begun to be explored. The experiences of this trial should serve as a lesson for future trials. The defense started its case last Monday, May 19. In addition to the testimony of the twelve defendants, the defense hopes to call as witnesses expert on

[Note: Sheriff Harvey recently re-hired Mr. Wagner.

by Adrienne Tentler

Last week, this community had an opportunity to observe an incidence of that classic conjunction of racism, harassment and police brutality. But, if the encounter involving Ray Chauncey, a black Human Relations Commission staff member, a local Main Street bar and a cop, one Wade Wagner is depressingly familiar, it is also strangely out of phase with these hard times. A struggle over public accommodation in 1969 creates some ambiguous feelings, because black consciousness and black demands have clearly moved light years beyond a concern for *pro forma* equality. At the same time, this episode and the chords it has struck in the black community here, exposes the recalcitrant, organic nature of racism in this society.

A blow-by-blow description of this episode is the material of prime time T.V.: inconclusive, unpleasant, and five years out of date. The Star Bar, operating on its own timetable for integration, has been the source of irritation to the black community for some time. The standard tactics used by certain personnel in this bar and in a number of other local bars stays well within the law. No-one is refused service, but black patrons are treated rudely and abrasively. They may be required to hurry over their drinks, to keep reordering whenever a glass is empty, or the abuse may be verbal and psychic. At least one of the HRC commissioners has been approached by young blacks willing to testify to this form of treatment in the Star Bar and to describe the general pattern of rudeness which is the standard fare at such establishments.

Now the Star Bar is one obvious example of a whole genre, alike in ambience and style as well as attitudes towards blacks. It's dark and plastic and it tries for elegance with some eerie red lights that make your cigarettes glow funny. The customers at lunch when I was there are junior Sears clerks, stock room people, some truck drivers and a healthy slug of blue collar types. The women run to to appliqued sweaters and silver rinsed hair. "Mr. Ed" a local postman came in, looking like some refugee from a childrens T.V. show, and chatted with the other regulars, but I saw no evidence that the sleek boys from E. F. Hutton or the local law firms and brokerages stop for lunch at the Star Bar. This place, like so many others, black and white, has a curious arrangement of failure and friendship. You manufacture histories for the customers, dropping out of high school, doing time in the army, hating their jobs and living off consumer dreams that flicker in and out of their grasp.

That these people are still determined to victimize blacks and to deny them an acknowledgment of humanity and dignity is a mark of the success of power elites in this country and community. As long as the struggle is over race and not class, the concrete and glass world of Ann Arbor business is safe. This incident also reinforces my sense of the failure of radical politics to point effectively to the communality of the black brother who wants a drink on Main Street and the white lower middle class and working population whose closer approximation to consumer goods and the American dream is usually an illusion.

Ray Chauncey, an HRC employee, was assigned to visit the bar to observe handling of other blacks and to experience such treatment himself. Since the existence of a complaint against Chauncey and the possibility

the legality of the war, civil disobedience, and the overriding importance of individual conscience. The judge will probably refuse to allow these witnesses to testify, but the real issues will be directly presented.

The trial is expected to take two weeks. Each of the twelve will make his own opening statement and closing statement to the jury. Each of the twelve will cross-examine the government's witnesses. Each of the twelve will present their own case—their own defense. Each of the twelve will speak directly to the jury's conscience—making sure they know exactly what is at stake.

The principle of lay advocacy is an important one. More and more there will not be enough lawyers to defend the movement people who are arrested. More and more the movement lawyers themselves are under attack. But the power and strength of people themselves, and their ideas, cannot be broken. More and more the courtroom will be-



The Star Bar & Lounge, down on N. Main. An equal opportunity discriminator.

of countercharges has not been clarified, few details of the incident in the bar are available. However, the HRC has released a statement to the effect that witnesses have agreed that the HRC staff member was conducting himself as an "employee on duty" should. His activities were cleared before the incident and the HRC are insistent that Chauncey's behavior in the bar in no way deviated from his assignment. Nonetheless, the involvement of the police came in a predictable and nasty fashion. Following a technique perfected during the struggle over public accommodations in the late 50's, the owners called the police claiming Chauncey was disrupting the peace and misbehaving. He was arrested and taken to an Interrogation Room in the police station by one other officer, where he was struck twice in the face by Wagner, an injury which later required stitches at "U" hospital.

Once the story broke, Wagner was suspended and Chief Krasny graciously assumed responsibility for discovering any incidence of police brutality. Incidentally, the HRC files are crammed with similar complaints all of which fall under the jurisdiction of the police chief, who researches any claims of harassment or brutality by citizens. By this singular form of self-regulation the police have avoided any official charges of misconduct, since there is not one single case of the police finding in favor of a citizen complainant.

Although Krasny maintained for over a week that his investigation was incomplete and no decision had been made as to charges by or against Chauncey, he did assure the suspended officer that his pay would be uninterrupted and his job not in jeopardy. He also delivered himself of the following scholastic opinion: "a blow in the face does not constitute a beating." To the hundreds of Panthers and those in SDS National Office who have been charged with assault, resisting arrest or whatever local ordinance is at hand and immediately weighted down with enormous bonds—simply for being on the receiving end of a police bust, this must come as an

enlightening discovery.

Krasny took two statements, one from Chauncey and one from the arresting officer regarding the events in the Interrogation Room. He brooded over these documents and hatched out a decision. Meanwhile issue floated. Chauncey's bond was returned and his arraignment postponed while the police pursued their separate investigations.

The HRC first considered the incident at its meeting Thursday, May 16. They were naturally interested in clearing their employee and using this arrest and treatment as a focus on police behavior in general. This commission has in the past given birth to a committee on Police-community relations which has offered, [in many cases only bally] suggestion for systemic changes in regulation of police and their interaction with citizens. To go to an HRC meeting is to back half a decade. Whatever the rhetoric, the public behavior of the police seems both moderate and reactive. At first meeting after the incident when the emotion and tension generated in the community by Ray Chauncey's beating was highest everyone "expressed their concern," talked the "seriousness of the issue," read statements into the minutes of the meeting indicating "resentment" or "disappointment" at statements emanating from Krasny's office. A frozen minuet of memos, motions, going through channels, in which we are invited to watch the fate of Mr. Chauncey, any other citizen who finds himself in such position, dance its stately way from Krasny to City Administrator to City Attorney at last to Council. Although records of assessment in HRC files are quite massive citizens have the time or money to pursue that particular route.

Pervading these HRC meetings is a belief that the new administration, like representatives from the lost continent of Atlantis are here to usher in a new millennium. In public administrations this commission

come just one more place where citizens must listen to these ideas. As with the acquittals of Tijerina and the Oakland Seven [although the latter did have lawyers], juries will start to understand. They will acquit people being attacked solely because their politics are dangerous to the ruling class. They will understand that their interest lies with those attacked, not with the attackers. Maybe not these twelve in Milwaukee, but those who follow them.

The rules and procedures and forms of the courtroom are meant to sterilize emotion; to squelch politics. The more these structures are broken down, the more the juries will see through to the real issues in dispute. They will begin to realize the strength of their own "consciences"; of their own power as people. And it is not just those twelve on each jury who hear what is being said. Those in the courtroom; those who read in the press [however perverted and controlled], will realize that the

issue is the War, not theft; the value of not the value of draft records; the burning of people, not the burning of paper.

All realize that the courts are but another branch of those agents of repression on destroying those people fighting human liberation. No one is deluded; courts are really objective or impartial. Their crucial role in protecting the capital from challenge is understood. But it is that the ruling class becomes so clumsy revealing itself as in the case of the Milwaukee Fourteen. Following is their statement plaining the heavy-handedness in their ruling. That such influence is exerted in a thousand different ways is clear. But the specific enlightening. The outcome of this trial is important. To set these men free would be a landmark. But if they are convicted, the probabilities must dictate, the control their fate by those in the ruling class were threatened, is important to understand so that it can be fought and destroyed.

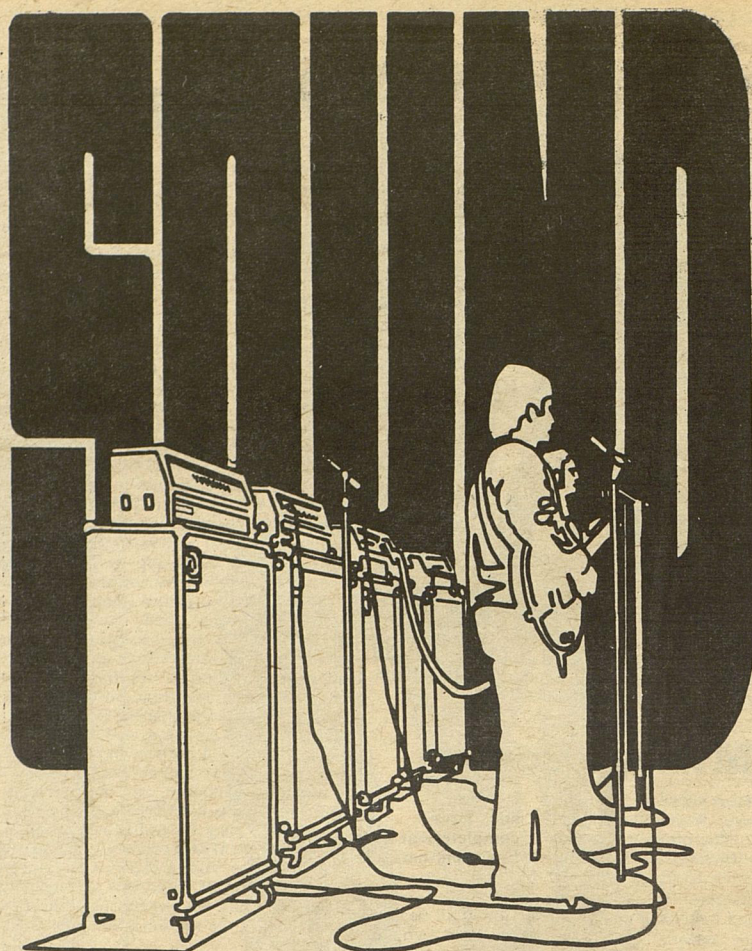
The Bead Bag

Michigan's only shop for
bead supplies
Opening Very Soon

beads filagree chains to make your own

215 S. State
2nd floor

Below
Middle Earth



THAT WON'T QUIT!!
Supercharged Sound



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RECORDS AND TAPES

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All labels in stock and nice people
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for all Eastern courses - We buy back like crazy!!

BOOKS

landrape

Gene Marine, *America the Raped*, Simon & Schuster, \$5.95.

by Doug Wellman

[DOUG WELLMAN left the teaching of English for graduate study in Conservation].

In *Sand County Almanac*, Aldo Leopold spoke beautifully to us of the need for the development of an ecological conscience. His soft-textured, pastoral jewel invited us to pause with him at his section of abandoned Wisconsin farm and meditate on the ways in which man and nature are bound into a natural unity which we violate at our peril.

Gene Marine's *America the Raped* is not particularly quiet. Nor is it predominantly meditative. It's harsh, loud, ironic, bitter - and damned readable. Instead of Leopold's marvelous musings, Marine gives us facts, reams of them, punctuated by short, pointed commentary by himself and by some of the foremost names in ecology. Yet, in their essence, the two books are more similar than otherwise, for they both stress the absolute

necessity for man, if he is to survive [let alone 'prevail'] to learn to live with rather than in defiance of nature.

Marine's invective is aimed at what he calls the Engineers and their mechanistic mentality - 'the simple, supposedly pragmatic approach of taking the problem as given, ignoring or ruthlessly excluding questions of side effects, working out solutions that meet only the simplest definitions of the problem.'

For much too long a time we in America have thought of nature as something to conquer. That anachronistic institution, the Bureau of Reclamation, spoke in the tones of the engineering mentality when it wrote of its damming of the Colorado River: 'To the seas my waters wasted while the land cried out for moisture. Now man controls me, stores me, regulates my flow. The red outflow river tamed. Now flowing clean and blue, unmaimed.'

The Everglades. Ever been there? If not I suggest you go soon, before this unique and absolutely invaluable environment is completely destroyed either by drought - the Engineers have cut off much of the flow of

water to the Glades in order to drain some land for agricultural exploitation - or by an ecologically insane barge canal to provide a company with big defense contracts with cheaper [for them] transportation.

San Francisco Bay still is, I am told, beautiful. If so, its original beauty must have been enormous since the Engineers have now filled over a third of it with garbage. You see, it's cheaper for business to create land than to buy it, and what else can you do with the trash anyway?

The Great Swamp of New Jersey, 8,000 acres of near wilderness within thirty miles of Times Square, has been threatened since the 1950's by land developers and by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey which came to the conclusion that the area's fourth airport should go there. Why is another airport needed at all? So New York City can continue to grow and so the new engineering marvels, the SST's, can land there. Anyone who's ever been there must know that more 'growth' is the last thing the city needs; and the SST, travelling at over 1,800 miles an hour, will carve sixty-five mile swaths through the remaining serenity of our land on each flight.

Perhaps you've heard of the Ramparts Dam proposal [not connected with the magazine] for Alaska? This monstrosity [530 feet high and 4,700 feet long] would dam the Yukon River and create a lake larger than Erie. The ecological damage it would wreak is almost inconceivable, and there are serious but unanswered questions about its effects on the climate. Why? Mention is made of an aluminum industry like that

along the Columbia River, but what it really boils down to is pork under the banner of regional development. Ironically, as Marine points out, most of the jobs created probably won't go to Alaskans, but to skilled workers from the lower 48.

To return to those poets from the Bureau of Reclamation, they have this plan, see, to dam the Grand Canyon. Why? Marine claims it's not for irrigation, but to produce power, which will be sold to finance the proposed Central Arizona Project. The CAP provide a lot more water for irrigation, many of the crops of which are already subsidized by agricultural price supports.

Marine attacks the depredations of the Engineers not solely on the grounds of aesthetics, logic and practicality, but more importantly, on the grounds of their callous destruction of the genetic information and the undisturbed ecosystems which may be the key to man's survival.

Although the bulk of his examples are concerned with the 'great out of doors,' his essential point is that it's all connected, that we 'children of sun and grass' must develop an ecological conscience - 'no longer merely a sense of responsibility toward the land and the rivers and the trees, but a whole way of thinking constantly in environmental terms, hungry and emotionally stunted black children as well as the roseate spoonbill. It is all one - we are all one - and if there is anything to be learned from standing on Glacier Peak without an open-pit mine in the foreground or from watching a wary anthing in the Everglades, it is that.'

A good book from this reporter for Ramparts. Read it. Read it. Read it. YES!

NOXINIXON

Divided They Stand: The American Election, 1968, by David English and the staff of the London Daily Express, Prentice-Hall, \$6.95.

by Steve Anzalone

STEVE ANZALONE is rumored to have a staff position with the Michigan Daily].

After watching the pigs smash skulls in Chicago, and the Republicans induce nausea in Miami, there was little reason for anyone to read any accounts of either events. But then Norman Mailer came out with his book *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, and it was worthwhile. Now after last year's dismal non-election, we are again possessed by the feeling that the event best be forgotten. But the traditional fare of campaign tomes is starting to hit the market. T. H. White is not Norman Mailer.

This year is perhaps unique because of the proliferation of post-factum election accounts by British writers. Probably more because of the sagging British economy than because of the analytic spirit of de Tocqueville and Gunnar Myrdal is it that so many British reporting teams have ventured into the swamp of American politics to find things to write about. Already, the events of last year have been described in such books as *Divided They Stand*, *An American Melodrama*, and *The Fire This Time* - all by British reporters.

Divided They Stand was written by David English and the New York bureau of the London Daily Express. As foreign observers, it could be expected that the authors could look with the detached insight of de Tocqueville. But only rarely does *Divided They Stand* show any more insight and fresh thought than the traditional Theodore H. White type of reporting that sets the standards of mediocrity and superficiality in campaign reporting.

Mr. English's book tells us little we do not already know about the election. Too often he is captured by the same clichés that the press beat to death during the campaign - e.g., McCarthy's 'children's campaign.'

A big problem with the book is that it is not clear to whom the book is addressed, America or Britain. The extended and often irrelevant comparisons to British politics seem to be putting the book into focus for the average English reader. Similarly, such things as parenthetical descriptions as to the content of 'root beer' are highly unnecessary for an American audience.

One feature of *Divided They Stand* is that it appeals to the American voyeur thirst to be on 'the inside.' Many people get a genuine kick out of knowing that Bobby Kennedy preferred American Airlines to Eastern or that George Romney had eggs for breakfast at the Ramada Inn the day he discontinued

his evangelical crusade. Some folks think that this is the 'inside' of politics and Mr. English's book will please them.

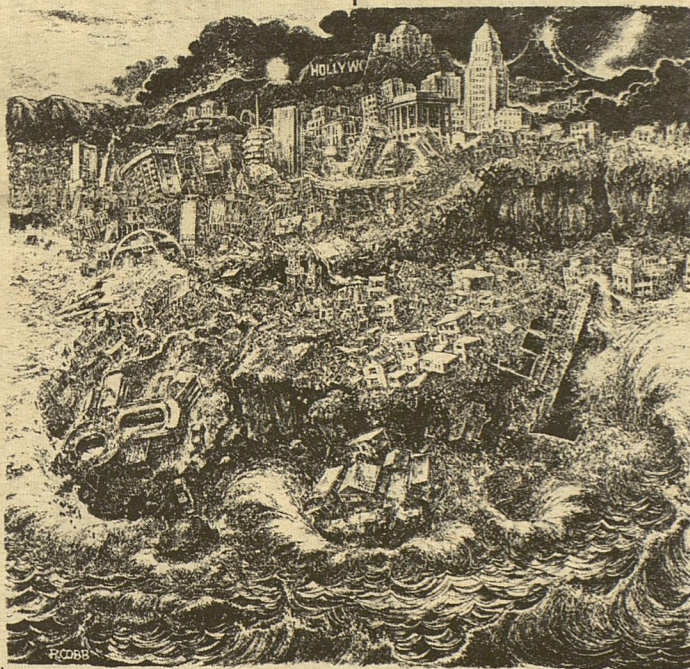
Some of the conclusions of the book are questionable. Mr. English says that, 'it now became clear that radical answers had been tried and found wanting.' I would like to know what radical answer has ever been tried in this country.

There are parts of the book that are better than White's *The Making of the President 1968*, is likely to be. I doubt if White will have the testicularity to refer to Boss Daley as a political 'dinosaur,' as Mr. English does. White is too ingratiating and probably will not want to offend Pig Daley.

Divided They Stand does make interesting use of the day-in-the-life technique. Mr. English explores the family life of a soldier who is sent to Vietnam, and where he is killed. It is a particularly horrifying way to illustrate the tragedy of the war to a nation that has grown so inured to government juggled casualty figures.

Nevertheless, the election would best be forgotten, and *Divided They Stand* left unpurchased. But for those readers whose masochistic desires drive them to relive the dismal 1968 election, *Divided They Stand* will be a better choice than Theodore H. White.

etc. etc. etc.



in Germany, Russia, and Latin America. His commentary upon defiance today rings of simplicity and unreason. Read it for a righteous chuckle, or burn it for an entertaining blaze. Academic pandering to political hysteria; no more, no less.

Lillian Gish, *The Movies, Mr. Griffith, and Me*, Prentice-Hall, \$7.95.

Lillian Gish was D.W.Griffith's favorite actress, easily surpassing Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh. Her memoirs tell of the human Griffith as opposed to the technical innovator that refined the techniques of film-making to a precision Hollywood today has barely reached. She tells of Griffith the steel-hand, hop picker, lumberman, touring actor, and finally, the director of four hundred films in four years, including the epics *Birth of A Nation* and *Intolerance* (Wow!). While her portrait of Griffith is stirring, detailed, and clear, her own autobiography is stuffed with praise, sentimentality, and ego as she chronicles her press clippings and gives little revelation of self. Only for film fiends tripping on trivia.

Chadwick Hansen, *Witchcraft At Salem*, George Braziller, \$6.95.

If witches did not have actual power derived from an alliance with the devil, they did at least exist, and hold influence over the inhabitants of Salem in 1692 Massachusetts. Chadwick Hansen completely rewrites the popular tradition concerning the Salem events, and concludes that witchcraft 'did real harm to its victims and there was every reason to regard it as a criminal offense.' Why? 'If you believe in witchcraft and you discover that someone has been melting your wax image over a slow fire or muttering charms over your nail-parings, the probability is that you'll get extremely sick.' Because your symptoms will be psychosomatic rather than organic will only terrify you the more, 'since they will seem the result of malefic and demonic power.'

Hansen's conclusions are based upon this provocative thesis, with a great deal of tangible evidence. The afflicted girls who instigated the witch-hunt actually believed the spirit of the Devil was within them. Although most of those executed were clearly innocent, they believed themselves guilty upon grounds of spectral evidence. Old Bridget Bishop was without doubt a witch, he concludes. Far and away the best scholarly study of the year. What now Arthur Miller?

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Due to an unexpected favorable response among publishing houses to Argus's credibility and future, a large number of books have arrived, many of them worthy of attention. In the future, we will include short reviews on contemporary literature that we see as valuable. — D.B.]

Lewis S. Feuer, *The Conflict of Generations: The Character and Significance of Student Movements*, Basic Books, \$12.50.

Mario Savio, Mark Rudd, Ken Kelley, and the like, Feuer tells us, are evil, nihilistic, parasites that have no concern for issues, inequalities, or privilege. Rather, they are only acting out their hostility toward earlier parental oppression. Student movements are destructive, impulsive, and no good can be expected of them. While youth are indeed idealistic, Feuer concludes that their existence is only a manifestation or symptom of disease, rather than a medium for a cure. As might be expected, students have been labeled, dissected, specimenized, and catalogued, their culture and criticisms dismissed as hokey, their power de-legitimized.

In order to arrive at these truths in a rational fashion, Feuer cosmically sweeps history to distort and stilt student movements

DETROIT
ROCK and ROLL
REVIVAL

MAY 30-31

**CHUCK
BERRY**

**SUN RA
MC-5**

DR. JOHN

**JOHNNY
WINTER**

**TERRY
REID**

NEW YORK ROCK'N ROLL ENSEMBLE

DAVID PEEL & THE LOWER EAST SIDE

LYMAN WOODARD TRIO

TEAGARDEN AND VANWINKLE

THE STOOGES

AMBOY DUKES

SRC

THE FROST

THE RATIONALS

RED WHITE AND BLUES BAND

WILSON MOWER PURSUIT

JAMES GANG

SAVAGE GRACE

3RD POWER

UP

GOLD BROTHERS

CASTE

TRAIN

DUTCH ELM

SKY

#3.50

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR GROUND

NOON TO MIDNIGHT BRING BLANKETS - FOOD - FLOWERS

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© D. BAKER

YES SIR
I'LL WEAR
SOCKS!

HEY, THIS FAR OUT!

HEY, I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE LOTS OF MONEY TO BE HAPPY!

HEY, EVERYBODY SHOULD BE HAPPY, GROOVING TOGETHER IN COSMIC AWARENESS!

IF THIS IS SO PLEASANT AND HARMLESS, WHY IS IT ILLEGAL?

HEY, I'M OPPRESSED!

NOV. DON'T YOU
TRY TO
PUT
ME
DOWN!

NO YOU'RE NOT, 'CAUSE
I GOT MY RIGHTS
AND IF YOU TOUCH ME...
I'LL BLOW YOUR
MOTHERFUCKING
HEAD OFF!!!!

SO, EVERYDAY I PREPARE
FOR THE REVOLUTION...I
SAVE MY EMPTY COKE BOTTLES

ONE MORNING I DECIDES THAT THE REVOLUTION IS HERE, RIGHT NOW!

A KOSMIC FLASH

A political cartoon by Tom Swick. On the left, a man with a mohawk, wearing a vest with a bullet belt and carrying a gun, is shouting "KILL!" and "BURN!" while holding a sign that says "SO I REVOLT...". On the right, a man in a suit is running away in fear, shouting "SCOWSH!". The cartoon is signed "SWICK" in the bottom right corner.

I'M GONNA
THROW UP.

BLOKE

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DOW

From page 3

domestic chemical investment.

It's the nature of the beast to grow, once forced to stop expanding, the beast will fall apart. [Read the *Communist Manifesto*, and modify it with Lenin's *Imperialism: the Highest Stage of Capitalism*.] A blow to imperialism is a blow to capitalism, if those little Vietnamese cats can stand up to Uncle Sam's guns and napalm and hold him to a bad stalemate, anybody can. So these unselfconsciously arrogant Midland Country Clubbing Dow ruler, glimpsing vaguely a world wide threat to their way of life and foolishly believing that their might white man's fire-from-out-of-heaven will ultimately awe those uppity gooks, these Dow people see that History wants to know what side they are on, and now they have declared.

It really would have clarified the nature of the demonstration in Midland had the protesters declared what side they were on, if they had really owned up to what it meant to be honestly on the other side of napalm, and thus determined the politics of their demonstration in Midland had the protesters declared what side they were on, if they had really owed up to what it meant to be honestly on the other side of napalm, and thus determined the politics of their demonstration. Consider what they did. Two hundred people, mainly from Ann Arbor, Detroit, Lansing, Saginaw and Grand Rapids, mainly connected with religious peace groups, gathered in Midland around a couple of big yellow signs. One sign, in response to stray chatter, said RUMOR: DOW WILL NO LONGER MAKE NAPALM—FIRST BLOW TO THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, another said NAPALM IS NOT GOOD FOR CHILDREN AND OTHER LIVING THINGS. The leaflets documented Dow's military contracts [napalm, herbicides, lightweight aluminum landing mats, ect. amounting to \$25.1 million of sales in '68-9 fiscal year], called for Dow to voluntarily stop its defense contracting, and put conscience ahead of profits.

People gathered in front of the junior high school where the meeting was held, sang folk songs and handed flowers and leaflets to stockholders going in to the building. Inside the meeting, clergymen and a doctor spoke about the effects of napalm and Dow's other war products, appealing to the stockholders and the board of directors to accept

responsibility; brief comments seemed only to slip out accidentally about the nature of capitalism and its need for new investment markets, while Third World exploitation and oppression was treated as a moral problem exclusively. The most substantive points referred to violations of the conventions of war and especially of bombing and injuring women and children. Again, in response Dow revealed more historical truth than the protesters. Gerstacker replied that a survey of American doctors returned from two months in Vietnam revealed only two children burned by napalm, any other burned children were burned by something else, usually gasoline stoves, and he reiterated that the best military judgement has been consistently that napalm was strategically necessary, it does the job.

Now all of us know very well that napalm dropped on a village doesn't distinguish by age or political opinions, but although Gerstacker lies [perhaps, Midlander that he is, limited in experience and naive politically, he really believes what he says] he has an important point to make; namely, it really doesn't make any difference if you kill women and children, because they fight too, and because if weapons could distinguish clearly between combatants and non-combatants, you still have just an urgent and historically important decision to make whether or not to kill those brave young men and women fighting under NLF flags to free their country from the domination of western investors.

Dow says kill those revolutionaries, stop those armed peasants; CALCAV says, well, we don't like violence, either, but look at what you're doing to those children, but look at the side-effects of your counter-revolution, come and wince and sing folk-songs and throw up with us; Dow says, come off it, the only napalm target is the revolution, stop playing up emotional issues like burning children and admit that opposition to the war means, ultimately if not consciously, sympathy with the aims of world communism, you protesters, if not commies, ought to be.

These protesters, they weren't communists, but they ought to have been. Then they would have known to link the object of their protest to the wider political and military realities of the Vietnam war, its relationship to the problems of American capitalism, and more specifically they should have discussed Dow's imperialist investments and the consistency of the decisions to produce and use napalm with the general strategy of the American bourgeoisie to control economic development in the third world, regarding indifferently the interests of the peasants and workers in third world countries.

But most importantly, they would have known that it is somehow obscene to say "Our purpose is not to disrupt, but to witness a call of conscience," or to say "We

CHE! STOLEN FROM GRAVE

From page 4

After preparing for his part, Sharif judges the inner Che's motivation in his own unique way, "He thought the world was a lousy place, particularly his part of the world. And he knew he couldn't do anything about it. But he tried... Knowing that he couldn't change the world, he knew also that he was going to die. He wanted to die—fighting. He was obviously quite masochistic; he liked to punish his own flesh."

Yet, even when a corporation begins a project to make profits there still remains a certain latitude for a creative artist's interpretation of his work. Except for Jack Palance (Fidel Castro) who studied the history of U.S.-Cuba relations and sympathizes with what Fidel did in making the revolution, there is no sophisticated view of revolution in the film crew. Sharif has said repeatedly, "He failed in life. His death was his great success, because he accomplished nothing in his lifetime." The director, Richard Fleischer, apparently immersed in his recent success "Doctor Doolittle", assesses: "No one had ever heard of Che Guevara until he died." Robert Loggia, TV star of T.H.E. Cat, who plays an anti-Guevara Cuban exalts Che, in a

way he was something like Vince Lombardi. Jesus Christ and Vince Lombardi! How's that?" Cesare Danova, who played in Cleopatra and is a pro-Guevara Major in the film offers: "Che was a bum wandering around Argentina wondering what to do with himself."

The film crew creates an emotionless man, James Bond-like cool in the crunch, but devoid of humanity. They don't understand Che as a man who responds to the crimes he finds around him. It's like a group of men blind to why ghetto blacks become Black Panthers, college students rebel, or young men burn draft cards, who got together at a Hugh Hefner-like party, slightly drunk, and decided "Che!" was a cool idea. The dissipation of their lives turns into a sordid joke on screen. Afterward these people say they are presenting a serious, objective study of the life of a man who the CIA has assessed to have had "greater impact on inter American policy than any man since Joseph Stalin." They then present a version as neatly packaged as the latest revolutionary miracle in dish washing, and with just as much honesty.

In Hollywood part of this formula is sexy girls. Che gets his offers, but he doesn't partake. In the script, Tania, girl revolutionary Linda Marsh, fresh from

Mod Squad, pulls up before Che's La Paz hotel. In Bolivia she lost her life fighting with the guerrillas. In Hollywood, she's a lay. The script reads: The girl looks up at him with tender expectation.

TANIA: Shall I come up to your room?

CHE: Later?

CHE: No.

TANIA: You think it's too risky?

CHE: No. It's just... self-indulgent.

To the lack of insight into Che the man is added a horrendous script by Michael Wilson, (see accompanying excerpts) which totally distorts history. Wilson's Che reacts like a madman during the Cuban Missile crisis, raging at Fidel for allowing the Russians to withdraw their missiles, calling the Soviet Ambassador a shit, and screaming at President Dorticos: "I didn't turn Cuba into a hog trough for a sleazy politician." Because Fidel stands steady during the crisis, Che is dismayed and decides Fidel is a coward, a sell-out to the world revolution. At this point he is through with Cuba.

In the following scene Che comes to Fidel to tell him of his departure, and finds him in bed, dissipated, gulping brandy and popping benzedrine. It's clear that Fidel has fallen into disrepair, an indecisive shell of his former self. Che is almost contemptuous.

Che and Fidel, of course, had the closest cooperation in reality. Che was Cuba's chief liaison with other revolutionary movements. Secretly he went on a mission to the Congo to support Lumumba forces; he organized a training school of guerrillas in Cuba; and he worked carefully with Fidel preparing the forces that were to locate themselves in Bolivia. The carefully thought through strategy of creating guerrilla foci like Vietnam throughout the world in order that each uprising wouldn't have to face the full force of American counterinsurgency resulted from the plans of the best revolutionary minds. Che's operation relied on the deepest imaginable trust, as well as unflinching cooperation. The movie's wasted and raving Fidel Castro has no relation to the man who shaped Cuba's revolutionary foreign policy.

If Che is portrayed with little emotion, and Castro as a typical Latin American dictator, then the question of the U.S. economic blockade of Cuba need never be asked. If Fox presented Fidel and Che as attempting the economic restructuring of Cuba and possessed by the dream that the energies of all Latin American nations could be released for their own benefit, then the whole United States policy in Latin America would by implication be called into question. The movie of course suppresses the critical political questions involved, and flits on to other superficial distortions. One distortion committed by omission is the Bay of

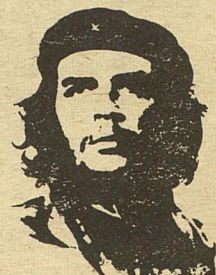
Pigs attack sponsored by the United States. This, one of the key incidents in shaping Cuba's thinking, isn't even mentioned. If it were, then the movie would have to deal with the fact that during the invasion, Cubans rallied to the Communist government and defended themselves against attack. The battle at the Bay of Pigs would have been Hollywood cinema, except that it resulted in a victory which proved the popularity of the government. The screenwriter chose instead to concentrate on the Bolivian campaign which ended in Che's death.

Later in the movie version, in the mountains of Bolivia, Che, hardened by defeats, begins to despise the peasants. He is portrayed as violating the essential revolutionary maxim, berating peasants as "slop-pigs" and "cowards". It's this hatred of the peasants that leads to the ultimate demise of the guerrilla band in the movie version—a peasant turns them in to the army.

This hatred for the peasants, fearful of supporting the guerrillas, contradicts the thoughtful analyses of his encounters with the peasants found in Che's Bolivia diary. Fidel wrote of this problem in the introduction to the diary, underscoring Che's understanding of the situation: "Che had numerous contacts with the peasants. Their character, extremely mistrustful and wary, didn't surprise him, as he knew their mentality perfectly for having dealt with them on other occasions, and he knew that prolonged, patient, and arduous work was required to win them over to the cause. But he never harbored any doubt that this would be obtained in the long run."

Che wasn't killed because a peasant turned him in as the movie suggests. Che was killed because the CIA combined with an American counterinsurgency effort organized at the highest levels of our government utilized its full technological advantage to trap him. Major Ralph W. "Pappy" Shelton was placed in charge of training Bolivian counterinsurgency forces. U.S. intelligence learned that the guerrilla band used a Dien Bien Phu oven, an oven developed by the Vietnamese which gave out no smoke, but did emit a concentration of heat. Immediately planes were sent to criss-cross the entire guerrilla zone using heat-seeking image-amplifying techniques which convert heat into visible light on special high speed emulsion films. Through a process of elimination of heat generating sources, Che's band was located. It was then only a small job to ensnare the band. But, unlike the film's account, U.S. techniques perfected in Vietnam were responsible, not a hostile peasantry.

What Twentieth Century-Fox has attempted is to create a saleable product which doesn't threaten the cozy assumptions of its audience. A



corporation will sell anything which makes profits, including revolution. The men inside the corporate structure from actors to screen writers must be aware of this goal—first to make money for the company, second to express their creative insights as men. The smartest, those most aware of the changes going on in this society, have the highest values. Their understanding represents the future marketing possibilities for the corporation. As long as a man doesn't value his integrity too highly, there's plenty of money for all. The good men within the structure either get out, or are slowly corrupted until they cynically spit out their distaste at the bar every evening while creating rationalizations for their work. Jack Palance probably has convinced himself that his work in portraying a degenerate Castro is somehow positive. Omar Sharif and the others don't seem thoughtful enough to care.

Sitting at the head of the corporate table, directing their empires, are men like Darryl Zanuck and his board of directors who have no thoughts of integrity. Their concern with Che is will he sell? One of the problems of salesmanship is of course promoting their film in such a way that it appeals to the public. For a movie like "Che!" they buy mod young ad agents who can whip up the kind of campaign that stirs controversy and curiosity, but which doesn't endanger the product.

But America is changing too fast. Young Americans begin to connect the ideals that Che fought for to their own lives. They see their revolts in high schools, universities, in ghettos and even in the army itself, as part of the same international battle of which Che was a part. For a Twentieth Century-Fox to make a slick, rounded life of Che with Omar Sharif is an insult. It takes the best of what life can represent and makes it cheap, another commodity to take profits from. America's changing too fast. It's time now to understand the seriousness of the rebellion going on in America and the Third World. Despite its slick promotion, "Che!" will probably cause too much of a storm, and the neatly calculated corporate gamble will backfire into a long-term loss.

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ACADEMIC FASCISM

From page 10
pus. Stoney Brook, which is famous for its drug busts, is crawling with police agents and the university is helping the police. According to Leppe, "This is the single most serious danger to students and student-faculty relations. Not only is entrapment a problem, but both students and faculty feel restrained to speak and act."

Professor Paul Carrington of the Law School coordinated the conference and his remarks began and ended the conference. Carrington is a liberal, and I am not using the word derogatorily. He understands that universities are acting at times to repress human values. Thus, at the beginning of the conference, he argued that the university should get out of the business of trying to control students' personal lives.

And at the end, he told the administrators that they were indulging in wishful thinking if they thought court injunctions would solve their problems.

Carrington's desire is that universities become as apolitical as possible. A very beautiful concept, and one appealing to those of us who distrust institutions making political decisions.

But, I don't think too many of the audience were listening. In any case, the universities are so totally involved with the political policy of this country, from war research to training a technocrat elite, that it is impossible for the universities to disassociate themselves from politics. The myth of a politically neutral community of scholars died when the stories of C.I.A. involvement with the universities broke in 1967

From page 20

DOW

appeal to them to consider the responsible use of their power," or "We strongly urge the American business community to respond to the call of conscience and to show the moral courage that is worthy of our nation's heritage." They should be saying instead along with Chairman Mao, "The enemy will not perish of himself. Neither the Chinese reactionaries nor the aggressive forces of U.S. imperialism in China will step down from the stage of history of their own accord," and "Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall. This is also like sweeping the floor; as a rule, where the broom does not reach, the dust will not vanish of itself."

In short, the demonstration on should have at least provided anti-capitalist, revolutionary propaganda, at least attempted to state the identity of interest of Dow's working people and the NLF; militant tactics should have been at least considered. It is true that there is not yet a revolutionary situation in America; it is true that America's problems, and the problems she inflicts upon the rest of the world can only be solved by social revolution based upon solidarity between national revolutionary forces of the third world and the incipient revolutionaries in the imperialist countries. Dow will be more difficult than most American companies to bust.

Dow's work force, concentrated in the Midland plants, and living mainly in the rural parts of the Saginaw Valley, is totally devoid of the most revolutionary segment of the working-class, the blacks, due to Dow's longtime racist hiring policies [Dow probably has the worst record of favor Michigan industry in this respect.]

CALCAV and other peace groups are premature political children of the Vietnam war, perverted by America's bizarre Christianity which preaches non-violence to the victims of capitalism and equates love with politeness, which has built Sunday-school manners into the American character power: mainly agitation. These groups must, if they are serious about challenging the strategy which must use napalm, the imperialist strategy, take a closer look at the corporate power behind that strategy, and take a closer look at those men and women, America's industrial workers, who alone among social groups in America have the potential power to seize the motor of imperialism, American industry, and make it serve the people. They might take a look right in the Saginaw Valley, and consider buried parts of our Michigan heritage, parts of our common historical life which are relevant of social change in Michigan industry; consider the Consumer's Power strike in Saginaw, when in the late 50's the workers occupied and defended the plant until their demands were met, all the while producing electricity for the community. Polite Christian incantation have never caused social change in the Saginaw Valley; if people really feel a need to incant, they couldn't least do it in a meaner tone of voice, try to call forth dark forces strong and angry, and get ready to care for the wounded.

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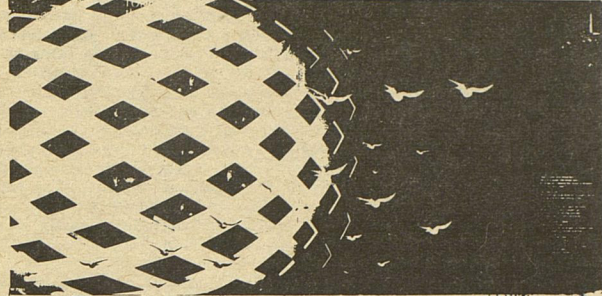
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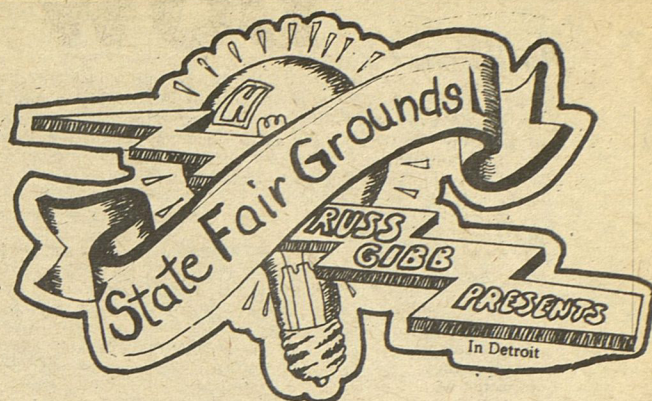
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I don't know about the Mafia, I've read the rumors, seen uptight people with heightened sense of drama talking about buying guns—maybe I've touched the Mafia, but these things aren't yet real to me. I don't know anyone who hasn't sold me time or another. That's old shit—you know it. Usually dope comes down from the mouth to mouth as some kind of mystery, miracle that's talked of much and sometimes comes through.

Lately it hasn't been so, I've been able to make some of the structural mechanics. A good connection, even at a high price, is knowing God. The shit comes from the East or West Coast. The big connection is out there, someone brings it in, the man in town, a friend sometimes. You don't really know how much he gets it for. The second man in town takes a cut and sends it to the cat to push in lids or grams. I try to get in higher up because it costs less and is less dangerous.

When you're small you scrape up the cash and wonder who's making all the money. You start to feel the capitalist nature, you know that subtly the tens are getting to your emotions, are rearranging your relationships. Now a certain fact of my life, of floating, is the friends, hanging around talk, seeing things freely, without fear, experiencing for no real reason except experience. And so anything ordering my life, even dope, has a solid effect. It is the somewhat comfort of an identity, it is an irritating comfort. You've also got to deal with the fear of a bust—this is a valuable experience in a way, the tension is like little else in my life.

Eventually you see the exquisite potential in pure capital. If you can build up to \$100, you reach certain questions. With money I could split out west and then be later to Europe, things I've been thinking of for years—the break to freedom from all the fear involved. That's the world there. But also at that point you can see your own pound of hash at maybe \$10 to \$1000, deal ounces cheaply and easily, and the \$1000 turns into \$1500 in a week. You can get mesaline and sit on it, luxury unavailable to anyone with less money. Or you can deal quickly for smaller amounts, but still money turns into more money itself. Also you are a big man, an idea of sort of disgusts me. I suppose I'll be frightened by large identities, by people who are myths or want to be certain the mythical people who walk in town have always intrigued me.] Before I have the stash you act as a courier for me, taking maybe a 20% cut on a quick sale, or sell ounces on borrowed money for a fee what you bought them for.

Grass sells for maybe \$60 a kilo at the Mexican border, is brought in and sold through a local cat for anywhere from \$15 to \$220, with the cat taking anywhere from \$10 to \$50 for bringing you the dope. A key weighs anywhere from 20 to 36 ounces. [The last 36 ounce key I saw was 2 years ago.] You cut it into 25 to 35 small baggies and call them a lid and sell them for \$10 to \$15 each [or up to \$20 if it's big and large.] The cat with the keys can charge anything he wants. Once a cat I saw raised the price three times in a week—from \$125 to \$225. I swore that if I was busted, if I'd kill anyone [I'd probably do the killing in my dreams], it'd be the cat. It becomes more dangerous because I have to hold it longer for smaller lids and I like a bastard selling those things as keys [I probably shouldn't have], and the way they always dribbles away anyway when it goes in \$10 at a time. I never was much of a businessman—too much guilt—and so I let people owe me money I never get, give me free grass mainly after declaring that I'll be stringent and end up with money for a while for myself and a friend.

Maybe hold enough to buy more dope, mesaline goes for \$1500 or so for 1000 tabs, from \$200 to \$300 for 100 and then in 10's 20's or single tabs for \$3.50 to \$5.00. All these prices on the market for the same stuff the same time. Hash is \$800–\$1000 per ounce [down to \$500 for a good connection quantity.] It goes for \$75–\$120 per ounce and \$5–\$8 per gram. If you don't have the bread you get \$75 ounces and sell it for \$100 to raise capital [you are actually only a runner—none of the money or investment is really yours.].

There's just nothing you can do if you've found that your \$150 key is now \$200 and

there's five other guys quite willing to put out \$210 and you had to borrow \$50 anyway but you know you could sell the stuff for \$325 in four days. You ain't got no union, nor any bargaining power, but maybe you'd like to punch out this prick or at least lodge a small protest. But you shut up anyway. You know that the husband of a good friend is in some puke jail because he's black and can't raise bond money. You know that you've been hungry and don't even have a place to put your head without fear it won't be trampled, and that plenty of others are like you or like you've been, but there's no-one except your friends, no organization, which will do these things.

There's a lot of big people around who'll do nothing unless you're one of them. The Trans-Love house is there only for the correctly freaky. The Argus-people, the Canterbury House and Mark's people, a little less so the Resistance people, and more so the other politicians, give you the who-are-you cold stare unless you've got an introduction and are cool in their way. Some people I know are trying for communes of an open type, just some security, a meal every day and a spot for a blanket, but these are only ideas, though they make sense. My mind doesn't work to affect these things, so I just think of them. I think that a dope buyers union or even tithing the sellers [maybe 10%] for such organization would be great, but I have no idea how to create the power to do these things. The blacks are fucked up in this town and so are the hip, but the individual can go almost nowhere for redress or help; the two communities are only frustrated groups of individuals. My identity is linked to loneliness, and that's partially why I've never linked into the hip social scenes. Nor could I give time to create a good society; my reality just doesn't go that way, but I know that some people dig working that way and I try to help anything being set up.

Now if you're around long enough in Ann Arbor you see certain patterns happening, you also begin to see that dope stands, or has stood somewhere near to anything called a movement. Sometimes I can rationalize dealing by saying that for this god-awful mass of people we call our brothers dope has something to do with freedom. It is sort of sick but it can work as a catalyst to something different. Dope has reality, it is not ambiguous like politics or art can be, you feel it, you clearly see what happens if you get caught. That structure, the pusher to pusher to pusher to user is a real underground, because it is formed around something containing reality, it is material in that sense and that's the only underground we really know the only practical structure created, the closest to war we have been.

If I play with it like a child, without a minimal caution, I'll get burned. So when I sell, use, and am around dope I'm in a reality structure not unlike manhood: things count. In terms of my identity. This can transfer a reality to a world of clear plastic jelly. But then a lot of people are into politics, dope, and other humans as if they wanted to prove that they're really men but, I don't believe it; they can hurt you too much when they play grownup so I try not to mess around with them. We are all in this bowl of shit together.

Hitching from Boston when the day was beautiful, people walking around in a daze and content flipping you the victory sign and smiling and perfume all around the air—if the shit hits I know I'm going to be with these people not because of ideology but only because they are my brothers and sisters, the only family I have. And things don't make too much sense, so if I help people it's because that's obviously the only thing to do [something like Camus in *The Plague* said.] I do things because it's so right and obvious and good that one cannot not do them. But most things in my life just aren't that real so I just float around doing what feels right at the moment.

Once when I was drunk and a little stoned I sat back and listened to some sound—jazz, or maybe rock—and I became the sensation of that sound laid upon an anaesthetic almost. And I think that I and people I know lift away by becoming, identifying totally with a sensation, not an emotion or institution, but becoming pure sensation. This cuts away all pain and desire—if fulfills the need to be nothing, to refer to nothing, to be used or use no-one, or no system.

I don't know if we were built to feel that way, but the drugs sure as hell make it possible, at least for that comfort.

Maybe it's because our parents didn't believe in sensation or in phenomena that I try to recapture both. And if some people call it irresponsible I say fuck-em.

I have too many wars to fight and too begin to fight, to give a damn about their

theories. Lately, perhaps because of grass and myriad emotional transformations, I've been calmer. I can see things, especially relationships, like just two people talking in front of me, and not understand what's happening—but that not-knowing doesn't hurt me so much. I don't blame myself for not understanding, partially because although I'm insane I'm also looking insanely at an insane world. And my back doesn't ache so much and I can enjoy sensation, I'm a hedonist for the first time without guilt. But every once in a while I just feel like screaming real loud and demanding to know what in fuck is happening. I don't believe it when someone tells me he knows and what I should do about it. No-body knows that much, though it's interesting to listen and maybe try it out: horoscope, politics, drugs, sex, love, sensation, Nietzsche, Sartre, yoga, homosexuality, macrobiotics, what-the-fuck they have to sell.

Once I sat across from a girl while we and some friends were doping [she was with a friend; in the situation I would say she belonged to him but the implications are too ghastly]. In a knowing voice I said that we all knew that the real reason why we kept on filling that pipe and rolling those joints was to go toward some apocalypse, to blast our minds to fucking shit until we came to a very clean portion of existence which is death or re-birth or insanity or something. I'm not sure what, but something like that.

And I don't want to withdraw that possibility will be called suicide afterwards. But then I don't know if I'll ever reach that place. I've seen friends freaked out in NPI [Neuro-Psychiatric Institute] and have had my own mind blown so high by life—but also drugs—that when the pieces come down I can only hope they'll be in better places. And some of the pieces are falling now, but others I haven't seen for years. So don't think that I'm not sometimes scared shitless of the stuff; that I'm sometimes wondering why in hell I youch it except that it's there and I'm going to. I know a good part of me wants to be so alone with myself, staring straight into myself and the things that have butchered me all my life, and staring right into life say “hello, it's nice that I've finally found you with all your names and nice also that finally I don't fear death or any of its derivatives which really make up fear.” But then if I never get to talk to God it's still nice to smoke a joint with some friends, and one of the things I wanted to say to that girl but never could was that it just would be nice to hold each other in a dark room and just feel good and smell each other and taste our breath and feel the skin and if we wanted to talk that would be nice also.

And I didn't want to hurt her, nor be hurt, nor call it any names like love unless maybe we felt it, but only to be in that room for a time, feeling good, and then walk away feeling that it was very fine to be alive. Now things like that and being a good friend for awhile to some cat you've known for a few years and been with through several hellos is very simple, but sometimes I think it's impossible.

What I'd like to say is that dope means a lot of things to the movement, to friends, to Ann Arbor as a town and community and to me.

Boston is open and nice and I could see being there. I can't imagine why people live in Chicago or how they can live in New York city. Cornell University is like caves built into the hills, people rarely smile, especially at strangers: lives seem bitter and people stay only as long as they have to. The West is some mythical escape and Europe is talked about. Ann Arbor is a shantytown of lives, very open, a very easy place to live in. That's what struck me upon returning after a little traveling. I don't know what it pertains to but Ann Arbor is a special town that smells, tastes, feels in its own way. It's a cat town which doesn't say much unless you know what it feels like to be in a town which likes and is full of cats as opposed to dogs as pets [like Buffalo and Ithaca, N.Y.].

A cat town is usually pretty loose and gives a shit about you. As a freshman you pretty well could see that there weren't going to be many demonstrations or real militancy in this town for a long time. Going through the dorms every room was populated by children from the same suburb I came from, we'd all been castrated in the same way. The Big U. is maybe 3% black and most of them are from the same suburbs too. The Blacks and down and outs in the Union, the militants always had their own entourage of white kids to flagnate, but mainly there are just good people; that's the best part of the town, good people.

I used to hate to give a shit. The town is really degenerate in its own way, it's too much of a womb—I've seen the people say month after month after year “yeah, I'll make the break, I'm going to New York or Berkeley or Europe or Chicago, I'm going to

grow up and do my thing and be on my own,” but few rarely make and that scares those who stay behind shitless.

The University administration is smart like oatmeal mush, push and push but you can't cut jello, nor can you really hate it. Living is real easy and it retards the hell out of individuals who can't make the break. And how the new graduates and the others are quaking with knowing they've got to go out and live on their own, make their own life. But nobody really talks of those troubles cause they're too scared. And I and other cats have just broken up with chicks who were our own wombs and jails also, so I dope up a lot and things don't bother me, but down deep everything does—the busts, the hurt, seeing people beaten and teargassed in Chicago, and being beaten and gassed in Chicago myself, and just maybe waiting for the suicide or looking down at the scar on my wrist from when I decided to see what it felt like.

And so things don't bother me but something all of a sudden I want to scream so loud, but for a month it's been different and good, flowers and not too many crises and a good tender time or two with some beautiful chick in the arb near the flowers, under a wind blowing away all my troubles. Don't Cable me nothing, for I am that and more and less and I'm not sure what else.

I don't think Ann Arbor is all that bad—there's no reason to hurt if you can help it. And I know that I'm making the break. I don't have much politics, but I've seen a lot, and so when my friends are bloody I know I'll be bloody and stupid and fighting too, only 'cause that's the thing to do and it'll be done. But I just hope that it happens at the right time in the right way—life will happen—I don't have to push it. We'll all be there, singing and holding hands or something. Which brings me back to what I've been talking about all along—myself and why I'm hurting and spitting my guts out to write for some cat who won't even buy my lousy dope.

For a month now I've been thinking things and not saying them, and seeing things and not thinking them, so they can be themselves totally and soak into me. But now it hurts to write, my back is hurting again, my stomach and intestines have formed some sort of conspiracy, and my head aches all because if I try to say it I want to say all that passes through my brain, and there's just no way, I used to write well; I was an artist, but yesterday I tried to write poetry and all that came out was beep-beep-beep. I know that I've changed but I don't know how, and sometimes it scares me. But usually I just look at it and let it go by. I used to be an artist but now I just float around and try to put it all together. I want to finish this bad, get rid of it soon but my mind fogs over, I rebel.

I deal dope and use it, and since I was six looking at the Armstrong Circle Theatre through my middle-class antenna eyes, that's been evil and peddlers are evil, and how I cope with that I don't know. Dealing gets to your mind, to your life, to your friendships and sets an order to your life that I don't know I like at all. I'd just sort of like to light a pipe and float away until the Christ Child comes down and winks and says “all-right, it's time, let's go.” And until then I'll just try and do the right thing, set my compass right when I see it's off. I just heard a siren but I didn't go to look.

Today on tv there's Jeff Chandler and Paldin in “Boat's Away” again. My pen has run out of ink and last night was the first in thirty I haven't been so stoned I could not see.

And “captain, captain another Kamakaze hit the ship. No, No, don't take my baby—yeah, yeah I know kid, I know—Get away from my ship—get the fuck away with your filthy planes” flash, flash, flash, pseudo queen love brother friend relationships hit the screen, rock my guts.

In a whisper—the last mate: “Did you see that hole mid-ship—were going to sink.” Jeff Chandler, the dying and bleeding captain, loves the old ship—sits up to the screen and says sort of strangely “Well, lets just look at that hole, just maybe this time the water'll flow out instead of in.”

I love you all.



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RENT STRIKE DOPE

The landlords of the All-American city of Ann Arbor are getting seamier. Unable to win their suits in district court for full back payment [in every case to date the rent has been reduced when the cases go to court and damages are awarded the tenants] they resorted to new tactics. They filed a suit charging the Tenants Union Steering Committee with, ah, well, the injunction would do a lot of weird things. Rent Strike Attorney Jim Lafferty talked about it:

"The landlord's posture on the injunction thing alone is really sloppy; ludicrous to the point that it would enjoin any organization that had even ONE member who joined the rent strike from taking any position on the rent strike—that would enjoin the Democratic Party, for instance.

"The landlords say that immediate personal damages have been incurred, and that's why they're asking for the injunction. But at the hearing June 6 we presented a 60-page brief outlining why the injunction is so stupid, and the landlord attorney immediately agreed to recess until the conspiracy hearing June 6. If things were so immediate, that's a pretty weird way to go about stopping it.

"No court in its right mind—I realize that's expecting a lot from the American Judicial System to predicate a remark that way—would issue such an injunction, because it's so unenforceable, and violates the most basic constitutional rights. He obviously

know that his position is very weak. He doesn't want to have to produce his books in court, which is one of the things we're demanding, and I don't blame him. I wouldn't want to have to present my books if I were the landlords either.

The conspiracy charge itself is a really bogus issue. It all sounds very insidious, but what it comes down to is that there's no such thing as the sort of conspiracy in civil law. There's nothing illegal about conspiring to do something as long as it is justified. There's no doubt about it—1200 students have conspired to withhold rent until their demands are met. The landlords have obviously made the conspiracy justified by breaking the housing codes and breaching the leases. The attorney for the landlords admitted he was going to drop the \$10,000 'specific damage' charge on the steering committee, but he says he'll still pursue for \$300,000 damages on 'exemplary damages'. I think he'll end up dropping those, they're so silly. I know if I was the landlord attorney I wouldn't be so docile and agree on every postponement. Postponements don't hurt the tenants any—the longer the better.

"I hope the students understand that no matter what the courts say, though, no rent appears until the intolerable conditions change. Students have the power, if they have the balls to exercise it."

June 6, then, Judge Ager's courtroom, County Building, 3rd floor. Join a conspiracy!

HRC Beating

From page 15

been powerless to effect even procedural let alone systemic changes. But beyond its problems with an alien administration, the HRC seems to leave good recommendations enmeshed in bureaucracy. Projects have been developed out of this commission and there is, on the surface at least, strong motivation for structural changes in control of police business yet the commission was unwilling or unable to use this particular incident to organize broad community support for pursuing their interest. There are people involved with HRC, as staff and commissioners, who have teeth but at the moment no one is allowed to bite.

A second meeting was held on the day Krasny's report was made public. HRC chairman, Lloyd Williams, pronounced himself pleased with the results of this report and with the resignation of Wade Wagner. Theoretically, however, Wagner could be hired tomorrow by the Sheriff's department. The commission is currently looking into the prospect of a statewide list of allofficers fired for racial incidents to prevent their rehiring by other counties or departments. There is also the immediate prospect of a meeting with police officials to outline and review police pro-

cedures, but Krasny refused to attend the HRC meeting two days ago to discuss specific details of Ray Chauncey's case. One can feel the momentum generated by this case dying away, for the machinery for considering reform is so ponderous and the delegation of power so vague, that all passion and determination arising out of this one incident drift away in memoranda and taped messages.

In the course of the last meeting, several interesting facts did come out. The HRC requests for accelerated funds have, in the past been used by police to collect intelligence. There is no record of the police actively engaging in programs to examine or improve the quality of their contact with the public. Several of the audience members also reported on their inability to get information on police behavior. It is impossible to discover how extensive the complaints of brutality are, or how many officers have been dismissed or disciplined as a result of a racial incident. Such information is critical if public support for police reforms is to be marshalled.

No cities have effectively come to terms with the power of their own police and community pressure for reform in Ann Arbor will not come as a response to general statements of censure or condemnation issued by HRC against the police. When you listen to blacks at the HRC meeting, whatever differences, generational or political, that do exist among them, they express uniformly an absolute conviction that "procedures" for blacks at the hands of the police mean abuse and brutality. The problem is to make the rest of the community feel the force of that belief. A Police-Community relations subcommittee of HRC intends to pursue this problem in a series of public meetings which will discuss police accountability, and will attempt to acquaint the public with police procedures and to elicit citizen's participation in this problem. If only the commission did not move in a world where groups met last month, agendas are set for next week, but as the Red Queen said to Alice, there is never jam today, one could have more confidence in the direction of their efforts.

There is one last disturbing feature of this new procedures and practices they have attempted to introduce to the police in the past. The talk about Police Review Boards, about transforming the cop from a vigilante to a [faintly paternalistic] friend guiding the incident. The HRC tried to outline what aged to hospital, aiding in domestic situations and staying out on the street to see his beat as his responsibility not his fiefdom. They have also suggested a policy whereby police would carry books to record all contacts with any citizen, whether or not they lead to arrest. Any charge of harassment would then be identifiable and the public would be able to observe the quality and rate of citizen-police contact. This could be an important point. For a black man on the street, for the black family in their neighborhood, the day-to-day reality of their lives is that police are present to do damage, psychic or real. The malevolence of the police, in a very real sense, constitutes the black man's most important exposure to white institutions. This is palpably a real issue and the concern of the HRC speaks to it. But the police have other things on their minds. Two films recently seen in this area [one from Newsreel and the other by Pennebaker] demonstrate that while we hear officials talk of respect for the rights of all citizens, the police are arming for civil war. Police chiefs at a conference in Hawaii last fall were checking out submachine guns with a "kill factor", and rifles that can be fired from the hip. For the police, the gut issues are control of large groups of people and they do not mean the Shrine Circus parade. They have in mind large movements of blacks or students, militants of any color who question the legitimacy of this society and their authority. They also have in mind lethal pepper gas, outlawed in the 30's, Mace, presently not used by Krasny's cops, but by Washtenaw County Sheriff Doug Harvey, CS and CN and techniques of attack honed to perfection in Vietnam. One salesman at the Hawaii conference spoke proudly of the quality of his arsenal; straight from the military, no pussyfooting civilian junk. I have a vision of the cop of the 1970's approaching a citizen, armed with gas masks, gas-dispensing billy club, rifle with optional flame thrower and somewhere beneath the bullet proof vest, a small book where he will record this contact. *That is a motherfucker.

Happy The Mothers Day

Last May 11, while most of the Red, White, and Blue were giving it to Mom with sparkledust greeting cards, we at Reprise were quietly celebrating this most sentimental of national holidays in our own freaky way. With our beloved

MOTHERS OF INVENTION



Yes, Greater America may have Nixon, cold cream, and vacuum-pack lima beans, but we at Reprise are now allied with Frank Zappa and his Merry Pranksters. And from them we have a disgusting new album called

UNCLE MEAT



Which is something to celebrate. And write ads about.

We were thinking of suggesting that all of you tell Hallmark to shove it and place a few bucks with us for a copy of *Uncle Meat*. To have slipped to Mom on HER DAY. But we weren't quite sure of how she'd take to Suzie Creamcheese. Or Ian Underwood (who whips it out live on stage in Copenhagen). Or The Dog Breath Variations. Or Electric Aunt Jemima. Or King Kong (live on a flat bed diesel in the middle of a race track at a Miami Pop Festival). Or the picture book that goes along with each and every album.

Which is to say, is the Everyday Housewife really ready for the group whose efforts are described by *Life* (magazine) as:

"Conglomerates of humor, satire, chance, nonfiction and the grotesque, punctuated with snorts, oinks and bongs, sprinkled with bits of Motown, Sacco and Vanzetti, R & B, Rosemary de Camp, and Stravinsky."

In a word: NO.

Yes, Record Lovers, now that all's said and done, we're glad we played our hunch and didn't try to upset the Mothers Day apple cart. Visions of soaring sales aside, when you get right down to it: Zappa & Co. are enough to scare the pants off Mom.

Mom should keep her pants on. We all know that.

So what we've done is write off our 20,000,000 beautiful "Happy The Mothers Day" stickers. Instead we've made sure that *Uncle Meat* is in the racks of your favorite open-minded record stores. To sell to people who won't write us lousy indignant letters.

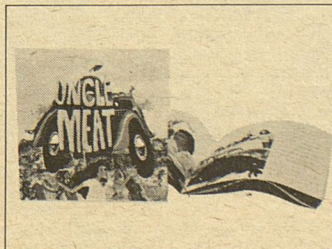
THE DEAL

For \$7.98 (or less, where possible) you get



TWO RECORDS AND A BOOK

Which is pretty cheap for a masterpiece.



scriptures

I all brown matter
must be at my feet
where it will blossom

new i will
have long gold
robes flowing hair in fields
bare feet christ
i will have the summer
all fall and winter
in spring i will be
all spring

the empty of her
mouth when she
speaks hidden
spots nearly na-
ked and weak to-
gether in warm p-
laces her eyes

yellow ribbons on flying
green stems the brook do-
es beautiful in the sun-
yellow ribbons on flying
green stems the brook do-
es beautiful in the sun

ALICE IS
in you
the wolf
coiled
in sheep's clothing
or
standing
soft spoken
in the grass

WONDERING
THE MIRROR
looking is not tell
THE WHICH
ISN'T SHE

the green man in mouse and
the new settlement cookbook
one way to a man's heart

the green mouse
looked at her
to childhood
stopping along the road
to eat back
her way

Fast

it finish slowly
among senses, this week
yesterday
one in particular
a side sentimental

let's suppose
a shell of what

was kelp-strung beach
she said sand in my shoe

Ed Rudolph

the fair ones
side show grand girl

big balloon
blurd yello
fred baboon

balls i like the ferris
wheels fat electric cord
clowns are laughing sure

would like to get I
of the young ones
couldn't they do it

on a trip
near the potters shed
our boots settle
in the soft earth

we rest on the dried bricks he has left a
vessel the fire
rejected

i tell you
this is ours

each rain
drop is
a musical

note each
one
different

they play
on
my head

wet dreams
of my real mother
and god

who could help
wanting that
white angel

(has)
each one a perfect
dream i am

yes yr sweet
all
over the same ones taste

the new day
rolls
over

each one a perfect
dream

starts early before
morning my love and i
went walking

my love
and i went my love
and i
am yes yr sweet
all

tender she is sick and pregnant
a very intense stomach she will
be able wondering if she isn't
in the movies or some other wiered
place smiles no understands love
and does all the people for ever
tender she is sick and pregnant

eds
(voice
cries all)
smiles
does

not profess
to no
(anything
to strong

wind
the birds
make
way
up blue

Buzz Klingenberg

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Ann Arbor Argus

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